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Recollections of the Great Lakes, 1874-1944

By LAUCHLEN P. MORRISON*

PART II

MY FATHER, like all sailor men, wanted to be a farmer and he took over with a vengeance. He had little or no experience with working land but he had primed himself with the best literature on agriculture available at that time and he proceeded to apply the knowledge so well, that in two years' time he had the makings of a modern farm of the highest type well under way. However, the funds he had accumulated were beginning to get somewhat anemic and possibly a yearning for his old calling and the need of additional funds to under-drain his land seduced him away from the farm. Of all things, he became captain on, yes, the same old *Manitoba*. I can see him yet when he came home all dressed up in the natty uniform of the merchant marine, dark blue with shining gold buttons and four gold stripes on his lower coat sleeve. So we, his boys and wife, had a yearly trip on a swell passenger boat, which passed, but never stopped at, our old home on Silver Islet, now but a small fishing station. But old Thunder Cape is unchanged and always is a magnificent sight.

Corunna was an unique village when we settled there, on the banks of the St. Clair River. The river forms the boundary line between Michigan, and Ontario. It is a very beautiful river. The scenery is magnificent in a serene, pastoral way. The farm lands run down and abut on the river and most of them are fairly prosperous, having good houses and fine barns. It is no wonder that the passing seamen acquire an aching desire to own a farm and settle down.

* See INLAND SEAS, Spring 1948, for biographical sketch of author's father by Neil F. Morrison.

When we first settled there the river was beautiful and clear. Lying in the bow of a skiff I have seen the bottom of the river all the way across even in 40 feet of water. The fishing was very good. Pickerel, bass and perch were plentiful, and in the lake the herring were in multitude. I have witnessed a stream of fish many feet wide, running so thick the river bed was hidden, passing upstream to Lake Huron for hours. This migration lasted for days at a time. Mother never thought of getting fish until 30 or 40 minutes before a meal. Then, "Boys, I want some fish for supper." "All right, Mom, what kind?" "Better get some pickerel, we had bass the last time." And in a half hour we would be back with six or eight fish. An old metal tooth curry comb would scale them in a minute. The heads and entrails were removed in another two minutes. Plenty of good sweet farm butter was already hot in the skillet. Boy, oh boy! Were they good! Our appetites were good, mayhap that had a deal to do with the taste.

Now how different is the scene. Great industrial works have grown up along the river. Chemicals, oil and sewage have poisoned and darkened the waters and the fish are a thing of the past.

The village of Corunna was laid out to be the capital of the Dominion of Canada. It was called so in commemoration of the famous battle of Corunna in Spain, fought during the Duke of Wellington's campaign known as the Peninsular Wars. It was situated in Moore township, Moore being a famous general of Wellington's who was killed in this battle, the streets were all named after famous generals of the campaign, wide boulevard streets lined on both sides with magnificent trees, buck-eyes, maple, elm and oak. But politics interfered; Corunna was overlooked, and Ottawa was chosen as the capital, to the Dominion's loss.

In the summer time, in the early days, Corunna was a congregation of grass widows as all the men were sailors. But in the winter time it was a settlement of captain's mates, chief engineers and second engineers. All the men were ship officers. Able-bodied seamen were as rare as buck privates in the Mexican army. No masters' certificates were required, except the masters of steam and chief engineers of the same, so there was nothing to prevent a rating from calling himself what he pleased. To make the title stick was another matter. The matter of a naval title was as incidental as fleas on a dog. Today it is quite different, the village

has become a summer resort and the summer population many times exceeds the winter population.

As a matter of actual fact, many notable lake mariners and many of the lake masters of today, cite Corunna as their place of residence and home.

The summer climate is almost ideal and the perpetual passing of the great ships of the lakes are of wonderful interest to both the summer visitor and the resident old timer.

In the fall of 1875, we settled on The Farm, coming down from the north country. I knew nothing of level fields and plowed land or trees with apples on them. The only moving transportation I knew was boats and a one-goat power wagon at Silver Islet. There was nothing but rocks at Silver Islet. The great trap cliff, "The Sleeping Bear," or "Thunder Cape," was right at our back door. I did not know what grass was like until I hit the farm. Did the real farm lads give me the laugh! Coming into the St. Clair river at Sarnia I saw a switch engine shunting cars on the Grand Trunk railway and I let out a whoop, "Mamma, mamma, come and see the tug boat running on land."

What a change of life from the limited confines of a mining camp cut out of the primeval forest and strung along the shores of a great lake, to the unlimited space of a 200 acre farm, a house with an upstairs in it and farms and houses like it stretching as far as my conception was able to grasp! Boats were passing within hailing distance at all times of the day and night. Over 90% of the vast tonnage of the Great Lakes passes by these farms my father bought and which we still hold, but what a gigantic change has taken place in the vessels, from small 750 to 1200 ton cargo capacity vessels to the vast cargo ships of today, 15,000 to 18,000 ton monsters of utility and capacity. Freight is transported on the lakes cheaper than any place else in the world (with the possible exception of the rivers of China), $3/10$ of one mill per ton mile.

Another great change in my life was that I was put in school. School! Even the word was new to me. We did not even have a Sunday school in Silver Islet. If there ever was a tenderfoot it was I. I knew how to read to a limited extent, for my mother had taught me, but I was in trouble outside all the time. I was new meat for the strong, husky farm boys that were my playmates. A bloody nose, or a black eye, was a common occurrence, besides lickings in the school for fighting. But

the training was good and I soon learned how to care for myself and to give as good as I took.

When I first settled in Corunna, the merchant fleet was represented by a motley aggregation of boats. Many of them were quite beautiful but some were weird dreams of some man's idea of naval architecture. On account of the short wave length on the lakes, to avoid heavy transverse strain, it was found necessary to place the propelling machinery in the after end of the vessel, thus enabling the lightened bow to raise and meet the shock of the oncoming wave. In the early days of the short, small ships the navigating structure was also located aft. This resulted in a pile of super-structure, all located aft of the engine room bulkhead, leaving a long stretch of open deck running forward to a slight forecastle at the bow. This produced a peculiar type of naval architecture found on no other waters of the world. I have seen ships on the gulf of Mexico that have been sent down to salt water and I could spot them instantly as far as they could be seen. The smoke stacks were as varied as the ships. Some were single stack, some double stack, athwartship, and some double stack fore and aft. A great many still had high pressure engines with no condenser, and exhausted into the open air. Many of their exhaust sounds were as distinctive as a well known whistle, recognizable even on the darkest night. As no two boats were alike we soon were able to name the boat as soon as she became visible. All the boats at that time, 1775 to 1803-5, carried masts which were fitted with sails. With a favoring wind the spread of canvas was of material help to the meager engine power in most of the freight boats of the day, and a valuable assistant to the fuel bill.

All of these ships have now passed, and their deeds and their names forgotten. But because of man's battle with nature in those hectic days, they trained a lot of daring, valuable men. Men today are still using some of the techniques developed by these same old fresh water sailors. There are no men today who can handle vast cargo ships in close and confined water like the master mariners of the Great Lakes and these mariners are passing on their technique to rising mates and quartermasters.

The steam fleet of the seventy fives and early eighties was a motley group of odd looking though extremely useful vessels. The sailing ship was very different, reaching the height of her beauty and efficiency

during those same days. The hulls were beautifully modeled with raking, overhanging bows and superbly designed sterns and with tall, tapering, graceful spars carrying a web of taut and well kept rigging. A large number of these ships were three masted, or they were rigged brigantine. They carried a cloud of canvas rigged as follows: on the bowsprit there were two flying jibs, two jibs and a staysail. The foremast was rigged with a foresail and topsail, sometimes divided in two and known as upper and topsail; a topgallant sail (pronounced "toga'lansel") and a royal. The mainmast was rigged schooner style, mainsail and topsail and the mizzenmast rigged the same, so it is easy to see that a multiplicity of cordage was necessary to handle all these sails, halyards, downhauls, clew lines, sheet and tacks for every sail. If the wind was in their favor they would have all sails set in passing our home as the open lake was not far above us and they wanted to be prepared to get under way as soon as they were turned loose from the tug that had taken hold of them in Lake Erie some 90 miles south of Lake Huron. Usually there were several vessels in each tow, as it was known, and their rate of travel would be very slow, some five or six miles per hour. In those times the steel hawser was not used, and the tow line was of manila some three to four inches in diameter but known as nine inch and twelve inch hawsers since the sailors measured their lines by circumference and not diameter. The tow lines used to sag down so that the center portion would be dragging in the water. As boys we used to swim out on nice summer days, straddle the tow line and ride a mile or two up the river, tumble off and drift or swim back home. Some of the more daring would stand up and tight rope walk aboard the ship, to be speedily chased off by the sailors if there was a woman cook aboard as bathing suits were an unknown quantity to us.

Frequently we would stock our row boat with fine eating apples. We would row out and put a line aboard the passing ships and sell the apples to the sailors. The current price was five cents a dozen for the extra selects, three cents for the medium size or two for one cent. No sale was too small. Occasionally the captain would buy a half bushel for the cabin stores. Twenty-five cents was the price for the half bushel, with the basket back. That would be a big day in our calendar as counting money was precious in those days. The average pay of the sailor was from \$12 to \$15 a month out of which he had to buy his clothes and tobacco and save enough to house and feed himself during

the four or five months of the winter season. Many took jobs in the lumber camps that covered the state of Michigan in those days, and thus helped to prepare the cargoes that they would transport the coming summer. The shipyards also used some of the handier men. They were a rough, happy lot, hard driven especially in port where they helped unload the ship. I believe they drew some extra pay for this on the better ships.

They had their own songs or chanteys. I just remember one line of one: "And I cussed Escanaba and its red iron ore." There was another about Lincoln Park, as the forecastle was known, a lament about the unregistered members of the crew that feasted on the sleeping sailors. Their bed was a board shelf, with no springs, a thin straw mattress and a couple of even thinner blankets. Salt junk (pork meat) constituted the pièce de resistance of their meals, with an occasional dried apple pie. When ashore the sailors' entertainment was of the lowest type imaginable. Whiskey was cheap, the standard price being five cents per drink. Some of the ports had an established record for vileness, as Canal streets of Buffalo and Toledo, closely followed by Chicago and Duluth. But they lived through it all and some pretty fine and able sailors emerged. Many are still alive today and are perhaps deacons in their churches.

The acme of the sailing ship was reached in the early eighties. The crowning event was the tow of the tug *Champion*. This tow was no staged event but was entirely accidental. The *Champion* on one of her trips to Lake Erie picked up eight three-masted vessels pretty much of one size. They were all rigged brigantine. As they proceeded up the Detroit and St. Clair rivers at a rate of probably not more than three miles, the vessels began to pretty themselves up. As the wind was fair, they set their sails and displayed every bit of bunting aboard. The *Champion* put on a hurried coat of white paint, and flaunted her flags. When all was done, the result was one that none of the old timers will ever forget. The word was passed along the rivers ahead of the convoy and the people from some distance away congregated along the banks to view the marine parade. There was plenty of time to take it all in as it took nearly an hour for it to pass. It was within viewing distance for nearly two hours from our point, much longer in the straighter stretches of the river. Every sail set and beautifully rounded out, with the gentle following wind flattening every bit of bunting as a painted banner, it was truly a vision of loveliness and grace.

The people of the United States and Canada are marine minded; witness the number of sailors in our navy and merchant marine, many of whom have never seen water much larger than a duck pond, but who take to sailing as naturally as those born on the borderlands of water-borne commerce.

I remember the names of only two of the vessels in the famous tow, the *Lizzie A. Law* and *Our Son*, both fully rigged as to foremast and bowsprit, their sails white and clean and as neat as a waitress's pinafore. The crews were in their best dungarees, lining the rails and joshing the bystanders lining the river banks.

Shortly after this, due to improvements made in the St. Mary's River at the Soo (Sault Ste. Marie) and to more modern improvements in the making of steel plate, the steel freighter began to encroach on the slow going, leisurely sailing ship and she, in spite of her limited low paid crew, was crowded to the wall. The stately sailing vessel was cut to what became known as a tow barge. Gone were her lofty spars and she was fitted with low, sturdy masts each usually carrying one sail of the fore and aft type. No aloft men were needed and the masts were not ascended more than once or twice a season to scrape down and grease the spar, or to look at the upper fastenings of the few remaining shrouds. These barges were arranged in groups of two or three, and a power plant of some kind procured. Usually it was a barge like themselves, fitted with steam power. They were chained together and the beautiful free-running ship became a slave indeed and she dutifully followed her steam master where and when he listed. Grace and beauty of a special variety have disappeared from our beautiful inland seas, but they have largely been replaced by a more economical form that is increasing all the time.

Some of the barge assemblies acquired naval fame of a sort. They were largely employed in the Michigan lumber trade. Vast quantities of lumber were required about the time of the transformation and vast forests of the finest white pine existed in Michigan. Saginaw Bay was the principal shipping point of this freight at the upper end of the run. Bay City and Saginaw were the two main loading ports, though many minor shipping ports existed all around Lake Huron on both the American and Canadian coast lines, and along the coast of Michigan and Wisconsin on Lake Michigan. The average cargo was from 350,000 feet board measure, to 500,000 feet. However, one particular ship acquired fame by carrying 1,500,000 feet of lumber. In these days of

astronomical figures this figure may seem insignificant, but in my early days we would roll this figure over our tongues and try to conjure its vastness by figuring how many barns 80 x 40 feet it would build, and the acres of land these barns would occupy. All of this traffic was south and east bound. During the summer of 1944 I saw lumber north bound, going back to the cut over forest lands of Michigan to erect cantonments and barracks for the housing and training of soldiers for World War II.

The passing of the barges was due to the fact that Michigan pine was not inexhaustible. It could have been everlasting if even rudimentary efforts had been applied for reforestation. But no, even the young pines too small to have any commercial value were slashed out of the way to facilitate the handling of the commercial stock. Not more than about 40% of the commercial trees was eventually brought to the saw mills, where another quantity was lost because of wasteful saws and methods of slabbing. Part of the slabs was used as fuel to furnish the steam for the saws. Thus the stately pine actually furnished the requiem of its own passing.

The slash or trimming of the trees was chopped off and left to lie where it fell, forming a more or less continuous mattress covering the side of the former forest. When dry, this mat was extremely susceptible to fire and fires were constantly occurring. I remember one very dry summer when the fires got out of control and vast areas of Michigan were burning all of the summer making the countryside shrouded in smoke all the time. Though we lived some 60 miles from the nearest of these fires, the smoke was sometimes so pungent as to bring on a prolonged fit of coughing. This smoke covered the entire upper Great Lakes region. The boats sailed in a dense fog all summer. Game animals, bear, deer, etc., were driven across the river. A mangy, black bear, practically hairless, landed on the shore of our farm. I shot the animal but on obtaining a closeup of my kill I have been ashamed of myself ever since. My father ordered me to get the carcass off the place immediately. He turned his back and I can hear his chuckle yet. I tied a small boulder to each foot, loaded him with much exertion into the family skiff and took him out into deep water where he sank. I suppose his bones are there to this day.

This great holocaust ended the last hope of the rejuvenation of Michigan by natural methods. After the fire there was nothing left, not

even top soil. Not a single pine was left to furnish seed and the land lies idle yet. The pine land was not arable land in any sense of the word, being nearly all pine sand. The pine needs a cover crop to make a start and with the top soil destroyed, the white birch, the natural cover crop of the pine, will not grow. So ends the saga of the white pine.

There was a certain captain on one of the smaller sailing vessels who, like many others in similar positions, owned a portion or maybe all of the schooner. This ship was a two masted fore and aft rig and carried the minimum crew with which a ship of this class could be worked. During some of the major operations such as making or dowsing sail, it was customary to call the ship's cook to take the wheel or tiller, thus allowing every able-bodied sailor to turn to on the heavy work. On a ship of this class it was quite the thing for the captain to engage his wife as cook. This particular captain's wife could never learn to distinguish port from starboard. So the captain lashed a broom in the rigging on one side of the ship and a water bucket in the opposite rigging. When he wished Maggie to turn in a certain direction he would shout, "A little to broom, Maggie. Steady." Or, "A little to bucket, Maggie. Easy does it." With the broom and bucket, of course, Maggie was quite familiar.

The schooner *Aurora* was credited with being the fastest ship on the Great Lakes. This vessel was a three-masted ship, fore and aft rig throughout, could sail as close as three points into the wind and with a spanking breeze could lay down a speedy wake. Her spars were lofty and finely tapered and she was a beautiful little ship, well manned and well conditioned.

(To be continued)

Quaint Harbors of the Great Lakes*

By DANA THOMAS BOWEN

MANY, MANY QUIANT ports abound along the shores of the Great Lakes. Each mile of shore line has its history, as has every ship. Many men and ships have long since passed from the beautiful shores of these lakes, and their valiant stories are buried with them. Today we can only retell those tales that have been handed down to us by letter and word.

Noah Webster defines the word "quaint" as "strange, especially old-fashioned, but pleasing in character and appearance." That describes exactly that I have found in so many forgotten ports of the Great Lakes. Quaintness means widely different things to different people. What is just an old piece of wood to one man can be a priceless relic to another. A cluster of rotted piling is nothing to some folks, while to others it conjures up a charming picture of the bygone days of water shipping. I can stand enchanted for a long time looking at the old bones of a ship on the beach, and try to picture that vessel as she was at her launching, then in her prime as she proudly rode the towering waves, and lastly perhaps, I try to envision what might have happened aboard her when she found herself approaching the spot where she now lies.

Quaintness can be found everywhere along the Great Lakes. One of the oddest ports, because it is not a port today, is Milan, Ohio. Old Milan will always be famous as the birthplace of Thomas Alva Edison. In 1847, the year of his birth, Milan was at its peak as a shipping port. It is said that Milan, in its heyday, shipped out almost as much grain as did the world's greatest grain-shipping center at that time, Odessa, Russia, on the Black Sea. Shipbuilding flourished in Milan. Vessels entered and cleared, bringing in supplies and taking away grain. This was before the railroad came into the lake country. Milan folks found

* From a paper read before the Marine Historical Society of Detroit at Amherstburg, Ontario, September 11, 1948.

that in those days they had more grain than they could possibly consume, and so they looked around for a market outlet.

The Huron River, emptying into Lake Erie, was some three miles distant. They dug a canal from the river into their town, and on July 4, 1839, the lake schooner, *Kewaunee*, first boat to reach Milan, arrived. For nearly thirty years the ships of the lakes traded into Milan. Meanwhile, the railroads had come into Norwalk, only a few miles away. The farmers no longer had to drive their grain over miles of tortuous roads into the elevators at Milan. They merely hauled it to the nearest railroad siding. That finished Milan as a port, but its quaintness had just begun. Today one can trace the route of the old canal on foot, although the trees are fast taking over. The old lock, with a schooner still in it, is fast going back into the proverbial dust. One elevator leans precariously toward a spot where ships once loaded cargo, but where now a few cows contentedly graze.

In the early days of lake transportation almost any of the tiny ports along the Great Lakes was a shipbuilding center. The sound of the builders' adzes and their calking hammers rang through the towns, and commerce was in the making. Plenty of wood for the entire ship grew close to the site of the shipbuilding. Obtaining the necessary materials in those days was not the vital problem that it is today. Labor, too, was plentiful, and there were no major labor-management difficulties to interfere with the progress of the vessel building.

Most of those old shipbuilding sites have passed away. In fact, all of the wood building plants have long since disappeared. One or two sites turned to iron shipbuilding and later to the steel ship, but the wooden vessel, except for the smaller pleasure craft, is gone from the lakes forever.

Usually the port where the vessel was built was her home port, and she was manned by local men, at least until she was sold. That brought commerce into the little harbors. But canal terminals began to develop where shipments were transferred to lake vessels, and it was there that large cities found their beginnings. Folks soon discovered that making a living was easier in the terminals, as jobs were more plentiful. Thus some of the lake towns grew while others slipped back. The early canals did much for their terminal towns, and later the railroads also used these towns as their terminals. Places which had neither canal or railroad passed out of the transportation picture.

One such ancient port, now gone, is Singapore, Michigan, at the mouth of the Kalamazoo River where it empties into Lake Michigan and some two or three miles below the present site of Saugatuck. Singapore was once a thriving little port with ten or more schooners in and out almost daily with cargoes of lumber and supplies. But Singapore faded and her citizens moved away. Some of them also moved their houses with them into Saugatuck. The ramshackle buildings left soon collapsed. The shifting sand dunes of Lake Michigan's eastern shore then moved into Singapore and covered the little port so completely that, I am told, not a trace of it now remains.

Not all the old time ports have disappeared so completely, however. Lake Michigan has dozens of the quaint old ports of other days. In some of them the rotting remains of huge lumber loading docks still can be seen at the water level. They formed the underpinnings of a hustling commerce of their days. Today a lone fisherman may sit among them in his boat, casting for trout. The husky stevedores are gone, their shacks are gone, the schooners and the lumber steamers are also gone.

Among these old harbors are Naubinway, Nahma, Fayette, East Jordan, Boyne City on little Lake Charlevoix, Cross Village, Leland, Onekama, and others too numerous to mention. Several of them were passenger steamer calling points not long ago.

Lake Superior also has its quaint harbors, although not as plentiful as the other lakes. Occasionally one can see the remains of an old hooker or schooner nearby, as at L'Anse, Michigan, at the head of Keweenaw Bay, where the hulk of the steamer *Northerner* still lies. She burned there at the end of the pier on December 12, 1892. L'Anse and its neighbor town Baraga were once big lumber shipping ports and receiving ports for supplies, but their docks now lie rotting in the lapping waves. An ancient coal dock also lies in ruins, a menace to small pleasure craft. In some instances, sand bars have formed near these old docks and have completely shut out any future craft from landing. It was from Baraga that the steamer *C. F. Curtis* sailed in November, 1914, with the two barges, *Annie M. Peterson* and *Seldon E. Marvin*, and all were lost with all hands before they reached Whitefish Bay. L'Anse, Grand Marais, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock, and Ashland, all are quaint old lumber shipping ports. Such steamers as the *J. E. Mills*, *Annie Laurie*,

H. Houghton, T. R. Scott, A. G. Lindsay, John H. Pauly, Stephen C. Hall, Rhoda Emily, H. B. Tuttle, Thomas R. Scott, Mary A. McGregor, Tempest, Garden City, Langell Boys, and many others, not to forget their barge consorts, floated the lumber down from these old ports. These vessels would average only eight round trips in a season.

A captain of one of these ships recently told me that many a barn, and perhaps a house here and there, along the shore in the rivers was built largely from free lumber donated from these ships. He said, "We would be coming down with two tows, and the skeleton of a barn or house under construction near the river edge would come into view. The carpenter and a hand or two from the new building would run down to the shore and shout to us, 'How about a few pieces for the barn, Cap'n? We just run out!' 'OK,' returns the skipper, always big hearted, and he would tell the mate and watchman to kick off a few planks. The lumber would splash into the water. Pretty soon the first tow barge would come abreast of the carpenter, and the barge captain, seeing the steamer's action, and not to be outdone by the steamer skipper in generosity, would kick off some more lumber. Then the second tow barge would come along and do the same thing. The carpenter and his helpers would retrieve the floating planks from the river and soon the new lumber was worked into the new barn."

Lake Huron also has its quaint ports. Tawas, Alpena, Oscoda, Cheboygan, Saginaw, Bay City, on the American side, and Thessalon, Blind River, and many others on the Canadian side, all contributed to the lumber industry. It has been a long, long time since a steamer blew her whistle and cast off her lines from most of these ports. Around the turn of the century there were sometimes a dozen ships in a day that would clear from one such port alone.

Many relics of those days remain. At the Soo is the ancient propeller of the steamer *Independence*, the first steamer, say the historians, to sail on Lake Superior. It is firmly implanted in solid concrete at the locks in the Government Park. It is an odd old wheel, as go the propellers of today. The *Independence* exploded while just above the Soo Locks in those early days and sank with considerable loss of life and property. Many years later the United States Engineers were dredging in that section and brought up many pieces of the old steamer. Her propeller was thus found and fortunately has been preserved.

The hull of the old steamer *Elva* still rests at a dock at Mackinac Island. She was once the gospel ship of the lakes, the *Glad Tidings*,¹ and later was used in the tourist trade around the Straits.

Lying partly submerged, but clearly visible, is the old hull of the steamer *Algoma* (the first one) at Mackinaw City. It has been stripped of everything, deck houses, engine and boilers. In her day the *Algoma* hauled many passengers in the Mackinac Straits, and also made quite a reputation for herself as an ice breaker. Today she lies abandoned, except for the hundreds of sea gulls that swarm over the wreck.

One can easily find the old remains of the wooden carferry *Sainte Marie*, and also a Valley Camp steamer, on the waterfront of the old town of Detour, Michigan, at the mouth of the St. Marys River.

One can reminisce at length over such spots as Sailors Encampment, in the Soo River. Here the old time vessels would tie up for the night, as no ships dared navigate the river after dark. There are many tales of the sailors who came ashore for a frolic those nights. Today the big freighters glide silently past, their sailors hardly knowing of their predecessors' night club spot.

Lake Erie also has its romantic harbors. Johnson's Island, in Sandusky Bay, has a charm all its own, but there is only one family now living permanently on the island. It still holds many of the valiant Confederate officers who died there while prisoners.

Toledo and the Maumee River are associated with early shipbuilding and river steamers churning up to ports some distance from the lake. Sandusky, Huron and Vermilion were early receiving and shipping spots, and many of the present top shipping executives claim these ports as their first family residences on the lakes.

Lorain is outstanding in her shipbuilding. It is one port that has retained the shipbuilding industry throughout a hundred or more years. Many of the old wooden schooners were built on the banks of the Black River there, outstanding among them the *Our Son*, last of the lake-built windjammers on the Great Lakes.

Along the southern shore east of Cleveland is Fairport, the hailing port of so many of the bygone wooden freighters. Here is exactly what its name implies, a fair port. Along the banks of the Grand

1. See *Captain Bundy's Gospel Ship* by Walter Havighurst (INLAND SEAS, April 1945, pp. 8-10).

River, which makes the port, are various unloading docks now abandoned, and recently a large ore dock not in use.

Eastward are Ashtabula and Conneaut, both busy unloading ports for today's ore carriers. Ashtabula still is the home of the only car-ferry now on Lake Erie, the *Ashtabula*, which for many years has made almost daily runs, during the sailing season, across the lake to Port Burwell, Ontario.

Erie, Pennsylvania, is another busy harbor of today. But Erie has its quaintness also. It was from Erie that Oliver Hazard Perry sailed after building most of his battle fleet on the shores of the bay. And also on these same shores was assembled that famous old navy ship, the *Michigan*, later renamed *Wolverine*.

On the Lake Erie shore at Barcelona stands a unique old lighthouse. It was the first to use natural gas in its beacon light. It is said that the keeper found the gas bubbling out of a nearby stream, and arranged a contraption to capture the bubbling stuff and by wooden pipes to convey it to his lofty light, where it burned night and day, while his toil decreased considerably. It was off this light on September 1, 1926, that the old sidewheel passenger steamer *Colonial* burned with the loss of three lives. This ship came out as the *Darius Cole*, and was later renamed the *Huron*. Fishermen from Barcelona rescued the balance of the crew. No passengers were aboard at the time of the conflagration.

Buffalo is a very historic city, though most of its quaintness has been erased, as happens in all large cities, but the spot is rich in memories. Black Rock, nearby, now a part of Buffalo, was once a competitive port. It was from Black Rock that many of the earliest passenger steamers of the Great Lakes sailed, including the very first one, the *Walk-on-the-Water*.

The Wreck of the Mary Ward

By ROBERT W. THOM*

DU E TO THE GENEROSITY of kind friends we were able last week to visit the Mary Ward shoal and see what remains of the steamer that gave this shoal its name. We had been hoping for years to make this trip but somehow had never got to it. The day was lovely, and the lake calm, and the water around the shoal very clear. You could see the remains of the hull of this comparatively new and fine little steamer quite distinctly in about eight feet of water, and also her propeller and engines not far from the stern. These parts of the wreck are on the shore side of the shoal, whereas the boiler lies about two hundred feet back over the rocks on the open lake side. The boiler was evidently rolled out of her by the seas and the hull with the engines washed over the reef.

Over fifty years ago one could see the boiler, a black dot on the shoal which is directly opposite Craighleith, Ontario, about two miles from shore but now, due to high water, the top of the boiler is just at the surface.

The shoal is composed of large boulders and huge flat blocks of flat limestone nearly all awash even when calm weather prevails. It is about one hundred feet wide and three hundred long and is only one of many such dangerous shoals which extend for miles in this area between the Nottawasaga lighthouse and to within a few miles of Thornbury. This particular shoal was originally known as "Milligan's Reef." Where that name came from I cannot ascertain. Since the *Mary Ward* met her fate there it has been known by her name.

This staunch steamer was about 120 feet long and 18 ft. beam and was built in Montreal about 1865, partially destroyed by fire in Lake St. Clair,

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and rebuilt at Chatham, Ontario, in 1867. She was engaged in trading between Montreal and Chicago for a few years. In 1872 she was purchased by Messrs. Johnson, Stephens, Corbett, Forhan and Miller of Owen Sound for around \$18,000.00 for the Georgian Bay-Lake Superior trade. On Nov. 22nd, 1872, she left Sarnia for Collingwood, which was to be her home port, with a full cargo of coal oil and salt, also a number of passengers. She was forced into Tobermory by bad weather, and while lying there in shelter the side-wheel steamer *Cumberland*, which was bound up the lakes, came into the harbor also for shelter. There was a party of surveyors and civil engineers en route to Lake Superior on the *Cumberland* headed by Mr. Frank Moberly, C.E. The captain of this steamer informed this party that he could not go further than the Soo so they headed back to Collingwood on the *Mary Ward*. She reached Owen Sound on Sunday morning of the 24th. There some more passengers bound for Collingwood boarded her and she proceeded toward her destination. The weather was exceptionally warm and the water calm, too calm in fact, to last long at that time of the year. Although the night was very dark the stars were shining and there was no cause for alarm. William Johnston was the Captain. It is possible that these waters were new to him or that the boat's compass was out. One can hardly credit the story that they picked up a light in the window of a tavern located at Craigeleith, and directed the ship's course toward this light from open water, thinking it was a Collingwood harbor light. Since the *Mary Ward* must have been several miles from Craigeleith when she turned in toward the tavern light, and since the shoal where she struck was only two miles from the big Nottawasaga lighthouse, which can be seen for twenty-five miles in clear weather, she was away to starboard of her proper course. There certainly was bungling on somebody's part.

At 9 p. m. the *Mary Ward* struck the shoal while going full speed ahead, running well up on the shelving rocks. I recollect that years ago a farmer back of Craigeleith said that he saw her lights and heard her whistle blowing for help on this fateful Sunday night. But she was not in immediate danger of breaking up nor was she taking in water. Having run up on flat rocks, her staunch hull held. So they all settled down for the night, hoping to get help in the morning. This was where her officers made a tragic error in judgment. If they had had a barometer on board it would have given them an indication of what was coming. Almost everyone who has lived around the Great Lakes knows that a dead

calm on a late November night is evidence of a low barometer and an indication that a storm is brewing. Instead of settling them down for the night the passengers should have been landed while it was clear and calm. There could be no hope for her if a gale struck in that dangerous position. Some years later one of the passengers related his experience after the *Mary Ward* struck. He said: "There was no confusion and all seemed to take the matter lightly since they were near land and it was so calm. I can remember standing out on the stern after she had struck looking up at the stars and feeling on my face the gentle warm south-west breeze that was blowing. I could hear them singing in the cabin. I had done considerable sailing on the Great Lakes but only as a passenger and business man and was aware of how treacherous these lakes could be, especially so late in the season. However, I said nothing more than to volunteer with anyone to take a boat and get to land and try and secure help. They did not accept my services but one of the surveying party aboard, Frank Moberly, and a Mr. Corbett, part owner of the steamer, embarked in a small boat leaving the *Mary Ward* about 10 p. m. for the shore at Craighleith, then to walk or drive to Collingwood and obtain assistance. I was anxious and did not go to my cabin, although all the rest retired for the night. I sat up on deck. Shortly after midnight the wind suddenly shifted and heavy, black, swiftly moving clouds arose over the mountain and the stars soon disappeared. There was an ominous moaning in the rigging, the import of which I knew too well. There was an uncanny stillness. I shall never, as long as I live, forget the weird feeling of alarm and terror which came over me, nor shall I ever wholly forgive myself for not acting on the impulse I had to arouse everyone and tell them that a storm was about to break and that we better get to land while there was time. But I had no authority and being young I was reluctant to exhibit signs of fear. After a little time I did suggest to the watchman that he call the Captain. This he did and the Captain realized the danger at once and began blowing the *Mary Ward's* whistle again frantically and calling all hands on deck. The storm increased in fury suddenly and by dawn huge breakers were sweeping over the stern. Had she not been well built she would have gone to pieces in a very short time but she held together despite the tremendous strain and pounding. In a few hours we were all hanging on for dear life and most of us had become reconciled to our fate. We were all soaking wet and cold. A few of the passengers becoming desperate foolishly launched a life boat

in an endeavor to make land. Eight men got into it but they were only a few yards from the steamer when they were overturned and all were drowned. The rest of us clung to the stranded steamer and were rescued later in the day by some fishing boats."

Mr. Moberly and his companion having reached Collingwood about 7:00 a. m., the towing tug *Mary Ann*, owned by the Moberlys, got up steam and proceeded to the wreck but the seas were running so high that it was threatened with disaster itself. It could not get near the stranded steamer and it was forced to return to Collingwood.

It was evident that the *Mary Ward* was doomed and would soon pound herself to pieces. A boat was launched in a desperate attempt to make shore. The majority of the passengers preferred to remain and cling to the steamer but six of them got into a lifeboat with two members of the crew. Their names were H. W. Coldwell, Toronto; John W. Taylor of Simcoe, Ont.; Charles Campbell, Craigleith; Henry F. Chadwick, Elora, Ont.; Robert Blyth, Owen Sound and John Stephens, part owner of the *Mary Ward*, also from Owen Sound. The members from the crew were Richard Reardon and William Rorke, the latter some connection of the Rorkes at Heathcote in Grey County. The small frail craft soon got out of control and into the trough of the high seas and was swept over the shoal, overturning and all of the eight were drowned. No doubt their bones still lie in some of the crevices of the great smooth rocks which abound between the shoal and Craigleith.

Those remaining on the wrecked steamer were hanging on desperately as the waves enveloped the upper works. The storm, however, abated some in the late afternoon and they were rescued by the crews of three fishing smacks from Collingwood headed by the late Captain W. A. Clark. I remember him telling me that they got there just in time as the *Mary Ward* went to pieces shortly after the rescue was made. It was a thrilling piece of work and demanded expert seamanship to keep off the rocks. They even tried to save the ship's mascot, a dog, but it fell into the raging water and was last seen on the crest of a breaker swimming for shore. Captain Clark said he did not think it reached the land.

The *Mary Ward* was left to her fate and soon became a total wreck. Barrels of oil floated ashore and there was lots of kerosene around Craigleith for some time.

— *The Enterprise-Bulletin*, Collingwood, Ontario, September 27, 1945.

History of the Cleveland Yacht Club

By AL MASTICS

PART II

TO IMPROVE club facilities it was decided to move the E. 9th Street clubhouse to Rocky River. Accordingly in 1914 a contract was let to Captain Nelson Simonson, president of the American Construction Company and a club member, to do the job. The building was lifted onto skids on November 29th, slid over onto a barge—a tug took hold and in a flat, favorable sea the journey was made. It took one and one-half hours for the eight mile trip. About 20 members, several lady guests and a horse went along as passengers. F. O. Van Sickle, club secretary, rode on the roof.

The old club building on the island had been moved back and turned to face west. The East 9th Street building was eased into place, the veranda facing the lake. The original L. Y. C. building was attached to the east and used as the dining room. Walks were laid, the grounds landscaped. Snug Harbor, a combined locker house, bathing pavilion and recreation room, was built just south of the dining room. It serves as the nucleus of the present clubhouse.

Milt Gallup had a boat called the *Argus*. Mentor Harbor uses it now for a committee boat.

Just before World War I, the *Mebleh*, owned by Commodore Worthington, went to Chicago and won the Sir Thomas Lipton trophy for Class R. During the war no races were held. When hostilities ended, Columbia Yacht Club refused to race for the trophy in Cleveland. So, Sir Tom, to prevent dissension, gave Cleveland another cup just like it.

Then began the club's grand era, the peak of the cycle that every yacht club seems to go through. A small start, fast dazzling expansion and development, a luxurious clubhouse, expensive to staff and maintain. Then bankruptcy. As the club begins to expand, more members are

sought to provide income. Many are social members. The club must provide additional facilities and recreation to keep them interested and happy. Then more members are needed to finance this extra cost, and so on in a never ending spiral. There comes an economic break. The social members, having no ties to bind them, drop out practically in a body. The yachtsmen are left to struggle with the burden.

The club in 1918 became known as one of the nation's finest. It had over 1000 members. A dance hall and movie building were put up. Tennis courts, handball courts, swimming pool, barber shop and wading pool were part of the improvements. Josiah Kirby was commodore. There was a dinner dance three times a week. Movies on Friday and Sunday. The membership list and Cleveland's Blue Book were almost synonymous. Huge yachts lined the docks. Flower gardens bordered the walks. Decorative lamp posts were put up. Commodore Worthington still officiated at the opening ceremonies. He had poured almost \$3000.00 a year out of his own pocket to help maintain the club as he felt it deserved to be kept. The parking lot was always filled with automobiles. A double-decked swimming barge, the *Lena Lucky*, was anchored in front of Snug Harbor. There was an annual Pirates' party, weekly teas, banquets, etc.

The juniors had an honest-to-goodness military organization. The huge yacht *Tilicum* was their training vessel, chartered for that purpose. They cruised each year to Georgian Bay and had their own social organization.

There were 42 club employees with Frank Lewis as manager.

During the war (I) Nelson Simonson, Ted Zickes and Alex Shepherd had built the Rocky River Dry Dock Company on the present site of Hotel Westlake. The bulkheading that protected their marine railway, diverted the stream enough to start closing up the west and south channels and the east stream became the real river.

V-bottom speedboats were replacing the old displacement jobs. Harry Parsons bought the *Gray V*. The R's were still popular.

Up the river in Lakewood's old Scenic Park the Riverside Boat Club was founded and put up a clubhouse.

Eugene Quigley followed Kirby as commodore of C. Y. C.

Commodore Gowen got himself a wife, bought a new 98-foot yacht, the *Speejacks IV*, and planned to spend \$50,000.00 for a honeymoon

cruise around the world. *Speejacks* left New York in July 1921 flying the C. Y. C. burgee. The Gowens visited with native tribes. They had their pictures taken with the tribal chieftains of New Guinea. Arrived back in New York in December, 1922. Gowen is today a leader in British industries.

Prohibition was with us during those years. Many yachtsmen had their boats stopped and searched by the Coast Guard. Milt Gallup was out sailing aboard his yawl *Mate* one evening and the Coast Guard rammed and sank it. It was the period when the Coast Guard's purpose seemed to be a destructive one instead of the helpful one we know today.

Fast speedboats were the order of the day. Powerboating was really coming into its own. Lloyd Sanderson and Fred Porter had some snappy ones. Roland Bacher bought *You-Sair*. James Fraser owned *Mareesee*. *Wing and Wing* had now grown into a flush deck cruiser with a double canopy.

The Star class was organizing fleets throughout the world. Ted Zickes built a number for C. Y. C. Doc Waterson sailed *Draco*, Jim Fraser *Fejo* and Ralph Walton *Doris*.

Outboard motors began to shatter the quiet of Rocky River and people crowded the shores to see them race. Hank Thomas performed in a Thompson V-bottom hull. The Pettit boys took home a lot of silver with *Century Kid*.

Ed Noble was commodore in 1923. Finally its creditors caught up with the club. It was declared bankrupt and its assets sold. At the auction there were many moist eyes as old time yachtsmen watched their precious club property sold out. The old yacht club cycle was on the ebb side. Huge war canoes went for \$10.00. Furniture, moving picture machines and all the club gear went for a song to grasping and eager buyers. The Cleveland Securities Company bid in the island, on which it held the mortgage.

It was a heart broken little band of sailors and power boat men that met to organize a new club and try to get a lease on the island for a home. They swore that from that time on theirs would be a club for yachtsmen only. They wanted no truck with social members.

On June 28, 1924 the Lorain tornado struck. Rocky River valley became a vast lake. The river mouth was jammed with drifting boats. Bob Morrow's *Idella* drifted majestically out in the flood and swirled onto

Clifton Park beach. The *Meteor* was found out in the lake and towed in by the Coast Guard to their station.

Many boats were swept away. Others were crushed into unrecognizable driftwood. Joe Williams with his new 95-footer *Oswichee* was caught out in the lake. He had to choose between the tornado itself or one of its fellow travelers, a water spout. He chose the latter and survived.

The 50 foot motor yacht *Rosalind* was built and launched by Stanley Wilcox. Commodore Wilbur Wright owns it today and its name is *Riptide*.

Detroit had its first Mackinac race in 1925. The Cleveland Metropolitan Yachting Association put on one of the world's greatest speedboat regattas.

Ed Noble and the boys finally worked out a lease on the island for the newly formed club, called the Cleveland Yachting Club to distinguish it from its predecessor.

The old barracks building was turned into a clubhouse. The main club building was rented out as a night club and named Blossom Heath. There Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians started on their road to fame in music and fast boats. If you will note, Guy adopted as his theme song the one with which yacht club meetings were closed in happier days, *Auld Lang Syne*.

In the meantime Jim Fraser and a group of friends rented space in the new Westlake Hotel and formed the Corinthian Yacht Club, which lasted only two or three years.

The swimming pool flourished but as a separate unit. J. H. Reed followed Noble as commodore.

Night club gangs were at war in those days. One night in 1927 Blossom Heath event went up in flames, burned, it was said, by rival roadhouse operators. In 1928 Blossom Heath opened up in the old club dance hall across the drive. Sammy Watkins came in with his orchestra. But from the start the place lost money and so on July 27, 1928, the operators ceased serving meals and converted the place to park plan dancing.

Walter Horn was club manager in 1928. A dining room for C. Y. C. members was opened where the spar loft is now located. Bill Woods followed Horn as manager in 1929.

Almost every Cleveland Yacht Club boat turned out each year for the South Shore regatta in Vermilion. That town sported a nice white light-house on its pierhead in those days. Work was begun on Vermilion Lagoons.

Commodore Jim Van Dorn had a new ketch, *Papoose*. Rolly Francis revived sail yacht racing and worked out a new handicap system. The first race in 1929 finished in a bad blow. The Jolly Tars were a group of canvas boat men in the club. *Idella* burned up at the start of the 1930 race to Put-in-Bay.

William H. Thomas was elected commodore in 1932. Mrs. F. W. Roberts presented the club with the Commodore F. W. Roberts memorial trophy. It was sailed for over a gruelling 180 mile course from Rocky River to Port Stanley and return. *Silhouette*, Esmond Avery's schooner from Detroit, won that first year.

Dr. Stanley Gardner brought in the staysail schooner *Jamie* (ex-*Viking*).

The club was again in financial trouble. The depression was on. Club members did not pay their bills. Some even had outstanding accounts for gasoline as high as \$500.00.

Commodore Thomas and a group went out to Vermilion and formed the Vermilion Yacht Club. Another group pulled out and took over the old Corinthian quarters behind Hotel Westlake. Old faithful Ted Zickes stayed with C. Y. C. to see the loyal members through.

Milton N. Gallup took over as Commodore in 1933. Some scoffed, saying he was elected "undertaker," not commodore of the club. His flagship was *Wing and Wing*, now a schooner rigged motor sailer. During Milt's term, Augustus J. Penote formed the Rocky River Yacht Harbor Company and took a lease on the island. Bill Woods was manager of the new firm. The club was given a lease on the Snug Harbor building which was remodeled into a clubhouse. The firm operated the island's commercial facilities. Gasoline power replaced the steam engine for launching boats. The steam house became an ice house.

There were no club employees. The commodore became the club manager. Gallup pitched in, neglecting his business, and put in full time to revive the club. A small group helped him.

As a publicity stunt a stag lobster dinner was arranged. The slogan was "All the lobster you can eat for 35 cents." Milt and his loyal band

planned to dig into their own pockets to make up the deficit they expected. Luck was with them. The prohibition law had just been repealed. Beer, green though it was, became available. Wilbur Wright was able to cajole a local brewer out of a truck load. John Farrell of Farrell's famous Fish House agreed to provide the lobster at cost and prepare and serve it without charge. It was the largest single order of lobster ever shipped into Cleveland and truly merited the publicity it received. They came from miles around, 643 strong, and had their fill of lobster and beer. The beer of course was sold by the case. Instead of a deficit, the party wound up with a \$241.00 profit and unmeasurable good will toward the club.

The entertainment committee financed free dances for the membership and guests. The money came out of their own pockets. There was a gay splash party at the pool. Harry Killius, the club's sail yacht judge, was to ride out of a tree on a bosun's chair attired as Mahatma Gandhi and land in the pool. The block jammed over the heads of the spectators and Mahatma was forced to use a ladder. The "Stevedores' Ball" was introduced and became popular as a mid-winter frolic. It attracted annually many members of out of town clubs. Friday night stag meetings, called Dog Watches, drew a large crowd.

Gallup was no undertaker. The club wound up in the black with over \$1000.00 in the bank and all bills paid. That was the start of its present upward cycle which is still in progress. The social members are rushing back in.

In 1934 a club dining room was set up on a concession basis by Ray Erdmann. First it was an open porch, later enclosed and enlarged. Next followed a new dining room and bar and later the sailor's grill. Robert and James Heintz served as commodores. J. Ray Davis followed them. The Comet class became an active one finally numbering 34 boats. Winter and summer the club was an active spot.

In 1938 Mentor Harbor invited C. Y. C. to its new regatta and Richard H. Bostwick put up the Falcon cup for a race to Mentor.

Alex Winton, Jr. followed in his father's footsteps as commodore. Commodore Lee E. Wilson brought in the *Marnalee*, a motor sailer. Al Salzer served a term as commodore. A group of eight club members, James Heintz, Lee Wilson, Robert Heintz, Dr. Robert Stecher, Pat Collier, Al Salzer, Dr. John Novatney and William Warrander bought

the yacht club island. Bill Woods revived the minstrel show. Harry Killius was still officiating as judge of the sail yacht races.

Rocky River Yacht Harbor Company's lease expired in 1943 and the new group, under the corporate name of Rocky River Island Company, took over the commercial end, leasing the clubhouse to the club.

World War II had broken out in the meantime. Many members served overseas. Others helped form the coast guard's temporary reserves. C. Y. C. members conducted a piloting school for Spars. Many of the yachts took on the gray paint of war. Among others was Robert Morrow's Bahamas schooner *Alburys*.

With war's end the boys returned and the club began to hum again. The Interlake regained its noise and activity. Sugar Island was a popular rendezvous for Mentor Harbor and C. Y. C. cocktail parties.

Neville C. Foster took over at C. Y. C. in 1946. The fleet passed in review during the squadron sail. The large registration numbers were no longer required on yachts. The Chicago R class crew took over Lakes Erie and Ontario in the Labor Day crew race with Eddie Schnabel at the helm. The R's were still popular. Al Edgerton had *Robin*, Alex Winton *Puffin*.

Ernest A. Brooker returned from the Navy to take over as yard manager at C. Y. C. The club received a thorough face lifting. New paint on all the buildings, new marine railway, a rebuilt bridge, new steel bulk-heading, concrete walks, smooth drives, clean grounds.

Erie Yacht Club always extends a hearty welcome to guest yachts in the Annette cup race to Port Dover, Ontario where the town turns out to greet the yachtsmen with bagpipes.

Vermilion still attracts the C. Y. C. fleet to its regatta, and the rocking chair skippers watch while the sailboats race. The Stars still race for the Exchange cup. Mentor Harbor's regatta is a looked-forward-to event.

This is 1948. Theodore N. Steinhart has the destinies of the club in his hands. But ice still piles up in the spring. Many of our yachtsmen have taken to the air. But wherever you may go—whether to see the silvery sunset off Loma Point, the windswept cypress and purple Pacific at Pebble Beach, Long Island Sound's pleasant harbors, the rocky coast of Maine, or the Canadian woods you will find no spot that can compare with the natural beauty of Rocky River valley, the home of Cleveland Yacht Club.

The Battle of Lake Erie

A ROSTER WITH NOTES

By C. S. METCALF

PERRY'S FLEET

Lawrence—Brig—480 tons—136 crew—22 guns—broadside, 300 lbs.

Built at Erie, Pennsylvania, launched June 20, 1813. Sunk by United States Government at Misery Bay, Erie Harbor, Pennsylvania, July, 1815. Was raised and exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876 but was subsequently suffered to be destroyed by the relic hunter.

Niagara—Brig—480 tons—153 crew—22 guns—broadside, 300 lbs.

Built at Erie, Pennsylvania, launched July 4, 1813. Was used by the government as a receiving ship at Erie until 1818 when she was sunk in Misery Bay. She was raised for the Perry Centennial of 1913 and was towed by the old U. S. S. *Michigan* around the lakes and returned to Erie where she now is. Doesn't look much like a ship.

Caledonia—Brig—180 tons—53 crew—3 guns—broadside, 80 lbs.

Built by the Canadian Government in 1807 at Malden. Prior to 1812 was a British ship, but was captured by American forces under command of Lieutenant Jesse D. Elliott of the United States Navy and became one of the battle ships of Perry's Fleet. She was afterwards stranded below Erie, Pennsylvania and sold to John Dixon who rebuilt her and renamed the ship *General Wayne*. She sailed as a merchant ship for some time and was broken up at Erie.

Ariel—Schooner—Pilot Boat Model—112 tons—36 crew—four long 12's—broadside, 48 lbs.

Built at Erie, Pennsylvania in 1813. Burned at Buffalo by the British, December 1813.

Scorpion—Schooner—86 tons—35 crew—one long 32"—one short 32"—broadside, 64 lbs.

Launched at Erie, Pennsylvania, May 1, 1813. Was captured by the British in September 1814 on Lake Huron.

Somers (Catherine)—Schooner—94 tons—30 crew—2 guns—broadside, 56 lbs.

In 1809 built at Black Rock by Sill, Thompson & Company. Captain Seth Tucker was her first master. She was sold to the government in 1812, renamed the *Somers*, and was one of Perry's squadron under command of sailing master Thomas C. Almy. Recaptured by the British in 1814 off Fort Erie.

Porcupine—Schooner—83 tons—25 crew—one long 32"—broadside, 32 lbs.

Built at Erie, launched April 15, 1813. In 1817 and 1818 under the command of Captain Steven Champlin. He was the commander of the *Scorpion* at the Battle of Lake Erie and claimed to have fired the first and last shot in that battle. While he was in command of the *Porcupine* she was used by the commissioners in determining the international boundary lines. In 1830 at Detroit her upper works were rebuilt and her name changed to *Caroline* and was sailed for several years by Captain Harry Miller. In 1855 she was allowed to sink at Ferrysburg, Michigan. Her hulk also went to the relic hunters.

Tigress—Schooner—96 tons—27 crew—one long 32"—broadside, 32 lbs.

Built at Erie, launched April 15, 1813. Captured by the British in September 1814 on Lake Huron.

Trippe—Sloop—60 tons—35 crew—1 long 24"—broadside, 24 lbs.

In 1803, Porter, Barton & Co. of Black Rock, built a sloop named the *Contractor*, commanded by Captain William Lee. She was sold to the government in 1812, renamed the *Trippe*, and was a part of Commodore Perry's squadron, under the command of Lieutenant Thomas Holdup. Burned at Buffalo by the British, December 1813.

Ohio—Schooner—about 60 tons—one long 24" pounder.

In 1810 built at Cleveland by Murray and Bigsby. Captain John Austin commanded her. She was sold to the government in 1812, and was one of Perry's squadron under the command of sailing

master Daniel Dobbins. She was used by Perry as a supply and despatch boat and took no part in the Battle of Lake Erie. She was captured by the British at Fort Erie in August 1814.

PERRY'S FLEET—Total broadside, 936 pounds.

BARCLAY'S FLEET

Detroit—Ship rig—490 tons—150 crew—19 guns—broadside, 138 lbs.

Built by the British at Malden, 1813. Captured by Perry, September 10, 1813. Sunk in Misery Bay at Erie, Pennsylvania. Raised in 1835 and rigged a bark by Captain Miles and sailed the lakes for some years. Finally, a hotel keeper at Niagara Falls bought her for a publicity stunt. It is reported that a bear was placed on board together with some other animals, and the ship set adrift above the rapids. On September 15, 1841 a great crowd of people watched her from the banks of the river, expecting her to go over the Falls, but she caught on the rocks and went to pieces.

Queen Charlotte—Ship rig—400 tons—126 crew—17 guns—broadside, 189 lbs.

In 1809 built by the Provincial Government of Canada at Malden. She was commanded by Captain Finnis, Royal Navy, when captured by Perry, September 10, 1813. In 1815 she was sunk together with the *Detroit* and *Lawrence* in Misery Bay for preservation. In 1837 she was sold by the government to Captain George Miles, raised by him, repaired and put into the Chicago trade, under the command of Captain Lester Cotton, who was succeeded by Captain William Keith. However, she did not last long, as her fastenings were found to be rusted by the long submersion, and soon gave way.

Lady Prevost—Schooner—230 tons—86 crew—13 guns—broadside, 75 lbs.

In 1810 built by the Provincial Government of Canada at Amherstburg. Captured by Perry, September 10, 1813. After peace, in 1815, she was sold by the government to R. S. Reed of Erie, Pennsylvania, who sold her to parties in Canada. She was in merchant service for many years under the command of Captain Robert Maxwell.

Hunter—Brig—180 tons—45 crew—10 guns—broadside, 30 lbs.

Built by the Canadian Government in 1806. Captured by Perry, September 10, 1813. Sold to parties at Black Rock she navigated the lakes for some years. Still in commission in 1846.

Chippewa—Schooner—70 tons—15 crew—1 gun—broadside, 9 lbs.

Built at Maumee in 1810 by Captain Bud Martin and sailed by him. She was captured by the British and fitted out for an armed vessel—one long 9". Captured by Perry, September 10, 1813. Late in the Fall of 1813 in a storm off Buffalo she parted her cables, drove ashore and was pounded to pieces.

Little Belt—Sloop—90 tons—18 crew—3 guns—broadside, 18 lbs.

Built at Black Rock by Captain William Lee, in 1810, named *Friend's Good Will* and commanded by him. She was captured at Mackinac by the British in 1812, fitted out for a man-of-war, and renamed *Little Belt*. Captured by Perry, September 10, 1813. She was burned by the British at Buffalo, December, 1813.

BARCLAY'S FLEET—Total broadside, 459 pounds.

N.B. Number of guns, weight of broadside, from Roosevelt, Theodore, *Naval war of 1812*.



THE *Elva*, once the *Glad Tidings*, gospel ship of the lakes. Photograph by courtesy of Dana Bowen. (See page 232.)



THE *C. F. Curtis*, lost with all hands in November, 1914. Photograph by courtesy of Dana Bowen. (See page 230.)



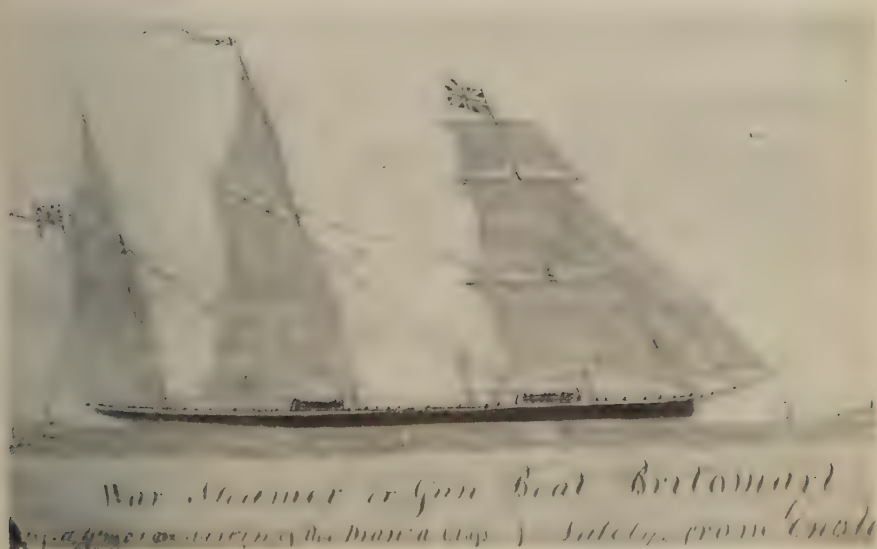
THE *Milverton* lying in midstream of the Rapide Plat. Photograph
by E. S. Christie. (See page 281.)



THE *Milverton* moored by the Morrisburg Canal after refloating.
Photograph by E. S. Christie. (See page 281.)



THE ERIEAU LIGHTHOUSE. Courtesy of the *Chatham Daily News*,
Chatham, Ontario. (See page 279.)



War Steamer or Gun Boat Britomart
(See page 279 of the *White Sails of Dover*) - *Illustration from the book*

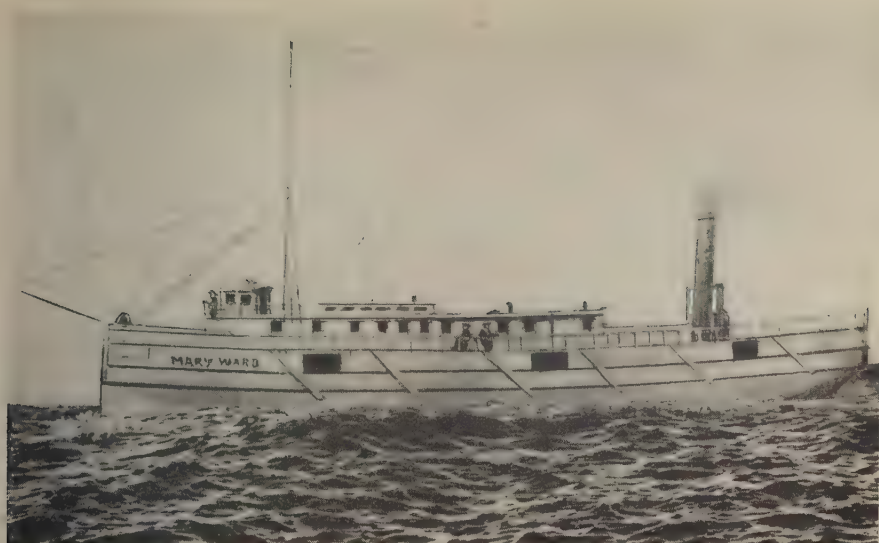
WAR STEAMER OR GUNBOAT Britomart. (See *White Sails of Dover*,
Part II, next issue.)



THE HARBOR, Port Dover, Canada. (See page 257.)



PORT DOVER, inner harbor, about 1890, with the Allan schooners,
Viking and *Erie Stewart*. (See page 257.)



THE *Mary Ward*, built as the *North* in 1864 at Montreal and burned in 1867. Rebuilt and renamed. Photograph by courtesy of Louis Baus. (See page 234.)



THE *Empire*, built in 1844 at Cleveland. Photograph by courtesy of Louis Baus. (See page 263.)



CAR FERRY *Huron* on the Detroit River. Photograph by courtesy of Kenneth E. Smith. (See page 280.)



COAST GUARD CUTTER *Ossipee*, sold for scrap in November, 1948.
(See page 273.)



COMMODORE GEORGE W. GARDNER, founder of the Cleveland Yacht Club, "the father of yachting on Lake Erie."



CLEVELAND YACHT CLUB at Rocky River, 1920. Photograph by Commodore John G. Robinson. (See page 238.)



The White Sails of Dover

By J. A. BANNISTER

PART I



THE STRANGER who visits Port Dover in the holiday season as he strolls along the dilapidated pier, may see an old barge, deep-laden with coal, approaching the harbour. She follows sluggishly at the end of a hawser in the wake of a squat little tug that puffs noisily and belches out a long plume of black smoke. As the rusty hulk draws nearer, if the visitor is at all familiar with the appearance of ships, he will be surprised to note the trim and graceful lines of the bow and the sweeping curve of the sheer, and will conclude that the old barge was built for something more picturesque than the transport of such a grimy cargo.

And in this he will be correct, for this humble craft once plied the lakes as a palatial passenger steamer. Gay with bunting and filled with throngs of merry-makers, she was accustomed to enter proudly this same harbour in days gone by. But fire swept her upper works, and the fine hull was stripped and converted into a humble carrier of coal. She is the sole survivor of the merchant fleet that in years ago crowded this once busy harbour, or spread snowy sails to the breeze and raced back and forth over the teeming trade routes of the Great Lakes.

Port Dover harbour is situated at the mouth of the River Lynn, a small stream that meanders through the county of Norfolk, and enters Lake Erie about seventy miles west of Fort Erie. The upper reaches of the river are shallow, with frequent rapids, where the water ripples over the limestone bed. But it arrives at lake level a half mile inland, and from there to its mouth there is little current, and the depth of the water is sufficient to float the largest schooners that plied the lakes in the era of sail.

Some twenty miles to the southward is the peninsula of Long Point, which thrusts itself far out into the crowded traffic lanes, and was ever

a menace to passing ships. But it forms behind it a deep bay which gives ample protection from the gales that rouse Lake Erie's shallow waters to fury. So Nature has provided at Port Dover a safe haven which may be entered with comparative ease, even when less fortunate ports are exposed to the full fury of wind and wave.

The first voyageurs to make use of this natural shelter were the French missionaries, Dollier de Casson and René de Brehan de Galinée, who found themselves, in the late autumn of 1669, overtaken by tempestuous weather and unable to proceed in their frail canoes to their intended destination. Here they drew their canoes to shore and spent the winter very comfortably. In the spring, before they set out on their long journey, they climbed the hill on the east of the river mouth, and, on the point of land overlooking the lake, erected a cross bearing the arms of France and an inscription which proclaimed that they took possession of all the adjacent lands in the name of the French king.

More than a century passed before permanent settlers began to arrive. By 1801, a village was growing up about a mile up the river, a road was opened from that point to the mouth of the Lynn, and, as the need for harbour facilities began to make itself felt, the owner of the mills at Dover, as the village was called, offered £100 towards the construction of a wharf. A sand bar at the mouth of the river made it impossible at that time for vessels to enter. In spite of this, 600 barrels of flour were shipped in 1806, though it all had to be taken out in shallow scows to vessels anchored off shore.

Of the names of these early vessels, no record has been found. But in 1812, while war with the United States was in progress, the *Chippawa*, a gunboat armed with a single nine-pounder, visited the port. Major General Isaac Brock had come overland with a few troops from the head of Lake Ontario. He gathered at Dover an additional force of volunteers. Part of these he sent on aboard the *Chippawa*, and the rest he accompanied in open rowboats along the exposed north shore of Lake Erie to Amherstburg, and from there made his memorable descent upon Detroit.

The *Chippawa* was filled with prisoners and sent to the foot of the lake. A little over a year after this, she led the van of the little British fleet in the disastrous Battle of Lake Erie. With her companions she fell into the hands of the Americans, but she did not long survive to

sail under changed colours. Late in December she was sent from Put-in-Bay to Detroit with some 70 troops. She was caught in a gale and reported lost with all aboard. This account is evidently incorrect, for a short time afterwards she was burned with two other vessels near Buffalo, and the Canadians had their revenge.

During the year 1813 Dover was frequently visited by the British fleet upon Lake Erie, for men, munitions and supplies destined for Detroit and the western frontier were brought overland to this point, and, in the absence of roads through the wilderness, were forwarded in the fleet.

The Battle of Lake Erie changed all this by giving the control of the lake into the hands of the Americans. The Canadian shore was left unprotected. In 1814, three American vessels came to anchor off the mouth of the Lynn. Some eight hundred soldiers landed and burned the village of Dover, with its mills, distilleries and other industries.

The recovery of Dover seems to have been very slow, for the mills were not rebuilt until 1828. Meanwhile, however, a considerable trade had developed at the river mouth. Customs duties rose from £6-4-1 in 1824 to over £56 in 1829 and this amount nearly doubled in the next four years.

Three reasons may be given for this rapid increase. In 1829 the Welland Canal was opened, widening the range of vessels to Lake Ontario and the ocean. In 1830 the first lighthouse on the east end of Long Point was completed and the hazards of passing this dangerous projection were greatly decreased. Then in 1833 a "cut" was made near the west end of Long Point by which vessels could pass to and from the head of the bay without having to double back for more than twenty miles. This increased the traffic of ports along the north shore of Long Point Bay, for they now lay on the direct route between east and west.

The schooner *Niagara* anchored off the mouth of the Lynn in 1830, and Alexander McNeilledge, a former sea captain, came ashore to join his brother, the owner of the mills at Dover. While the captain's family and household goods were being landed, the schooner *Lark* dropped anchor near the *Niagara*. "Two arrivals in one day," said Colin McNeilledge the miller, "Something new for Dover."

We hear of the *Lark* again some three years later when the ravages of cholera necessitated very strict precautions. Several times on her

arrival she was visited by a medical officer and on one occasion a man supposed to be suffering from the dread disease was brought ashore. He was entrusted to the care of a Frenchman, with instructions to see that he got the prescribed allowance of rum and laudanum. There is nothing to indicate whether the sick man recovered, but sixty years later the Frenchman was still active and still ready for his portion of rum.

The stimulus of increased trade brought with it a persistent demand for the development of a harbour at the mouth of the Lynn. A joint stock company was incorporated, but it was difficult to raise sufficient capital to begin work. Another result of the increased traffic was the necessity for accommodations and for stores for the sale of necessary supplies. The old village of Dover was too distant to meet this need. Accordingly, in 1835, a new village, called the village of Port Dover, was laid out and extended from the river to the former village of Dover. The sandbar at the river mouth was dredged, using at first machinery operated by horse power. Piers were built and the new village gave promise of rapid growth.

Unfortunately the Rebellion of 1837 retarded this progress for a time. Late in that year a message came from Captain Drew of the Royal Navy to Captain McNeilledge, asking him to get the schooner *Resolution* out of winter quarters and sail her down to the Niagara River where shipping was urgently needed to convey troops to dislodge the rebels from Navy Island.

The *Resolution* is said to have been the first vessel built at Port Dover. Little more than this is known about her, except that she was still in commission in 1844.

While the excitement caused by the Rebellion was still at its height, the little village was greatly alarmed by a report that soldiers were being landed on Long Point from a steamer anchored in the bay. The volunteers were called out, and a squadron of horse galloped in from Simcoe. At last someone suggested that a boat be sent out to investigate. Captain McNeilledge took charge and had not gone far until he saw through his spyglass that the steamer was flying a signal of distress. She had run aground, and already her 150 passengers and the 18 horses on board were beginning to suffer from hunger. The Captain returned to port, the soldiers were sent back to their homes and a boat load of supplies was despatched to the stranded steamer. Efforts to release her were in

vain, but after about ten days a change in the direction of the wind caused the water to rise, and she was soon afloat and on her way.

Another account of this incident says that the boat sent out to the steamer was filled with soldiers. To protect themselves from the cold they had wrapped blankets about their shoulders. As they drew near the steamer they were mistaken for Indians, and great was the consternation among the passengers, who still thought Canada a land of savages and recalled all they had heard or read of the horrors of the tomahawk and scalping knife.

The Government of Upper Canada took a serious view of the Rebellion. Plans for the defence of Port Dover were made, soldiers were stationed there and entrenchments were thrown up. One of the buildings overlooking the harbour was turned into a temporary fort. The port was also visited by a war schooner, the *Brock*, which was patrolling the lake.

The first definite and authentic account of shipbuilding at Port Dover occurs in 1841. In that year the *Margaret Morgan* was built by Captain McSwain for H. Ross and Company of Simcoe, and was launched at the beach. This location of the shipyard was probably due to the fact that the Lynn was now spanned by a bridge which cut off access to the more eligible sites farther up the river. The *Margaret Morgan* had the misfortune on her maiden voyage to be run down by an American schooner, and had to return to Port Dover for extensive repairs.

The lands adjacent to the port were covered with the choicest white pine. Some of this came in as huge logs, to be formed into rafts and towed to the waiting markets, some as "square timber," shaped by skilled axemen in the woods. Most valuable of all were the long, straight "sticks," suitable for making masts. It was a common experience to see a dozen yoke of oxen slowly dragging one of these great trunks to the shipping points.

Every little stream that could turn a water wheel had its saw mills where the logs were made into lumber for export, and yards everywhere were filled with great piles awaiting shipment. Then as the lands were cleared and sown with grain, long lines of teams brought in the rich harvest and warehouses were filled to overflowing. Grain and lumber merchants were crying out for more and still more ships, to meet the growing need.

In 1843, the Hamilton and Port Dover Plank Road was completed, and the old stationary bridge across was replaced by a swing bridge. This made it possible to utilize the level lands on each side of the river as shipyards. There was an abundance of material near at hand. A little army of skilled workmen soon grew up, and the names of many able designers were household words long after both they and the craft they built had passed from the stage.

The names of the vessels built during the early years have not been preserved, nor are the shipping records of Port Dover for that period available. But it is evident from entries made at the adjacent port of Turkey Point that the Port Dover yards were not idle. These entries include the following: — *Eclipse*, Captain Wood; *Georgina*, Captain D. McSwain; *Canada*, Captain M. Adams; *Larney*, Captain W. L. Wheeler; *Louisa Van*, Captain John Van Norman; *Belloit*, Captain D. J. Murray; *Betsy of Port Dover*, Captain P. Lawrie; *Henrietta*, Captain J. Trowell; *Minerva*; *Shamrock*, Captain T. Burns; *Susan*, Captain J. Thompson. These brought cargoes of coal or "stone ore" for the Van Normans of Normandale, for use in the iron smelter or "furnace" there. Several were commanded by Port Dover men, and in all probability hailed from that port.

The schooner *Britannia*, belonging to the firm of Lees and Waters who specialized in oak timber, fitted out at Port Dover in the spring of 1847. The *Christina*, another timber schooner with stern ports for loading, built at Port Sarnia in the same year, was a frequent visitor to Port Dover, if not actually owned there. In December, 1856, during a severe storm, she broke from her moorings in the harbour and was driven upon the river bank, where she suffered considerable damage.

The *Industry*, 70 tons, though built at Port Rowan in 1848, was afterwards owned in Port Dover. She was scow-built, and in 1861 was rated by the Marine Underwriters as C2, and valued at \$400.

The *H. J. Jones*, 59 tons, was built at Port Dover in 1850, and afterwards owned by P. Hyland and Co., Kingston.

(To be continued)

The "President Maker" Goes West

By MENTOR L. WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH THURLOW WEED was fifty years old in 1847, he had never been afloat on the Great Lakes. On the evening of June 30th of that year the editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, having been chosen as a delegate to the Chicago Harbor and River Convention from his city, boarded the double-decked steamer *Empire*¹ at Buffalo along with three hundred other passengers, two-thirds of whom were bound, like himself, for Chicago. Weed, a militant Whig like his fellow journalist, Horace Greeley, used his western trip to advance the program of internal improvements. For that reason he kept an accurate account of the events that occurred and the things that he saw, and reported them in detail to the readers of the *Evening Journal*.² His record throws light not only on the conditions of lake travel at the time, but also on the political implications of the feud between the internal improvements men and their enemy, the Locofocos.

Weed was astonished by the beautiful salon of the *Empire* where the ladies and gentlemen were grouped "upon Sofas and Divans, etc. as luxuri-

1. The *Empire* was a 1200 ton ship built at Cleveland in 1844. Its captain, H. Randall, a former Hudson River captain who had gone to the Great Lakes in 1835, was the chief owner of the *Empire*. The *Albany Argus* described the vessel in glowing terms: "The *Empire* is one of the largest and most splendid of the noble fleet of steam-packets that navigate the upper lakes. She is of the first class in size, speed and strength, and her accommodations are very superior. With seventy-four state-rooms, and other 'means and appliances to boot,' she offers ample space and accommodation . . . It is only a few years since the *Great Western* made the experiment of an upper suite of state-rooms, after the fashion of the Mississippi steamers, and now all the steam-packets adopt this essential requisite to comfort and enjoyment in a passage of the Lakes. Those of the *Empire* are fitted up with elegance, and are in no respect cribbed in their dimensions. The size of the boat, its fine width, and its spaciousness throughout, render it one of the most desirable, as it is one of the most popular of the lake craft. Many a quadrille in her large and elegant saloon has tested her capacity for enjoyment as well as comfort." (Clipped for *Albany Evening Journal*, July 22, 1847.)
2. *Albany Evening Journal*, July 14, 1847.

ously" as they would have on board such splendid Hudson River packets as the *Isaac Newton* or *Hendrik Hudson*. The Albany editor, it appears, had developed the same provincial mindedness toward the West and its culture that New Yorkers do now, and he had to be disabused of his notions in the same way. Seeing was believing.

Humiliated by the "slow and tortuous" movements of the vessel in getting out of Buffalo harbor, Weed declared that the "insufficiency" of the harbor facilities "for the vast commerce of these Inland Oceans forcibly impressed us with the importance of the Convention about to assemble in Chicago." That meeting, he hoped, would awaken both the people and the government to the magnitude of an interest that had heretofore been almost entirely neglected, "saving the People from the mortification and the Government from the disgrace of again seeing the Implements and the Materials prepared for the construction of lake Harbors sold at 'Public Vendue!'"³

After a "calm, delightful night," sunrise [July 1st] found the vessel opposite Conneaut, Ohio. Promptly at 8:00 o'clock the three hundred passengers were seated in the *Empire's* "spacious Saloon to an ample and well-served breakfast." Cleveland, the first stop out of Buffalo, was reached at 1:00 o'clock. In the hour that the boat lay up there Weed rode through the "busy, bustling streets" and along the "broad avenues, adorned with tasteful mansions, surrounded by a profusion of fruit trees, shrubbery, and flowers." He declared that the city possessed an "accessible, safe and 'snug' harbor" and, since the opening of the Ohio Canal, had shipped 1,300,000 barrels of flour and 1,200,000 bushels of wheat. To emphasize the rapidity of Cleveland's growth, Weed noted that the Hon. John W. Allen, who had joined the *Empire's* congenial throng as a delegate to the Chicago Convention, had gone to the city in 1825 in a schooner "of less burthen than an Erie Canal boat, and landed in a yawl on the beach, there being then neither Harbor nor Dock."

A circumstance of the morning disturbed him greatly. Seth Hawley of Buffalo pointed out a fleet of fifteen commercial sailing vessels, all from American lake ports, heading for the Welland Canal. This sight, "particularly unpleasant to American eyes," proved more conclusively

3. Much material had been purchased by the Army Engineers for lake and river improvement in anticipation of the appropriations of 1846. Polk's veto of the Harbor Bill forced the government to dispose of such materials at public auction.

than argument or figures "the impolicy and wretchedness of our Financial System of 'Forty-Two.'"⁴

The *Empire* entered the Detroit River at half-past eight in the evening. Tea over, the salon was "arranged for dancing" and the travelers made time pass pleasantly amid the "mazes of the Cotillion and the whirlings of the Waltz."⁵ By ten-thirty the vessel had docked at the Detroit wharf. A record of some sort had been set; the trip from Albany to Detroit, 700 miles, had taken only 51 hours. After a conference, the ship's officers decided to attempt a moonlight passage of the St. Clair Flats, an unfortunate decision, even though an experienced sailing master (First Mate Bartholomew) predicted success. Two channel guide stakes, driven in the mud, had disappeared and the vessel ran aground. It required four hours to get her off!

Weed was fascinated by the "wooding up" on the Canadian shore of the St. Clair River. It consumed three and a half hours during which time

an hundred and six cords of Wood (hickory, maple, beech and oak) were seized by the deck-hands, Steerage Passengers, &c., and soon transferred from the Dock to the boat, . . . I learn that the *Empire*, in a single trip, consumes over 600 cords of Wood. This requires, for each trip, the clearing up of over ten Acres of well-wooded land! The wood that was taken on board to-day cost \$1 per cord.

Those who may think of this vast consumption today in terms of conservation need to be reminded that in 1847 the problem of the frontier was to get the land cleared. Forest clearing involved labor and if one could get paid for that labor, so much the better.

Along the St. Clair River, Weed noted with pleasure the "rich, fertile soil" desirable for residence, the numerous steam-mills for sawing the abundant pine timber, and the "gigantic frame-work of a steamer" being built by Captain Walker at St. Clair.⁶ Somewhere on the St. Clair the *Empire* passed the steamer *Illinois* (Captain Blake) owned by Weed's

4. President John Tyler had upset the Whig apple cart by refusing to cooperate with the Henry Clay program—"The American System." Inland products were moving to Canadian ports for shipment to Europe and American exporters were unable to take their expected slice of profit.

5. Weed observed, moreover, that, contrary to the stories he had heard about gambling on the lake boats, there was no card playing on board.

6. Captain Walker and his wife, "Walker's Mary," were well known for their intrepidity as seamen. I have been unable to determine what boat this was that Walker was constructing.

friend, Oliver Newberry, "whose intelligence and enterprise is associated with all the improvements of this New World."⁷

The Albany editor shared the prevalent belief in the "coming greatness of America." Lake Huron's vastness caused him to break into a paean of praise and prophecy.

That America is to be the "Seat of Empire," and that too at no distant day, is a "fixed fact." A wisdom above that of man has prepared for the inhabitants of worn-out, impoverished and overburthened Europe, a fresh, fertile, primeval land, whose virgin soil and graceful forests will wave over millions of People.

One can almost forgive him that horribly mixed metaphor in view of his concept of "Immigrants All-Americans All."

Those who are here are but the seeds of an Emigrant population which are destined to multiply indefinitely. I say let them come, for there "is ample room and enough" for all. And in their labor, developing the riches of the Earth, consists the elements of National Prosperity.

Ironically, the political descendants of Weed, the Whig, have lost sight of his principle, and the voice of the neo-Malthusians is being heard everywhere in the "Seat of Empire" today.

At "Mackinaw" (noon, July 3rd) the *Empire* took on fifty cords of wood and replenished its larder with "an abundance of Salmon Trout and Whitefish." That evening at 7:00 o'clock another wood stop was made at the "Manitoe" islands. Weed's ignorance of natural history was indicated by his statement that there were no birds, no animals, and few reptiles there, and, "in the absence of all these, mosquitoes, finding nobody to torment, come not to the Manitoe Island!"

The "71st anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence" found the "blue sky above and the blue waters beneath" the party of tourists and junketeers. As the Fourth fell upon Sunday, "impressive services" were conducted by a Rev. Mr. Stimpson of Greenbush for a "large and attentive audience."⁸ The occasion called for the usual thoughts, august and sublime. "Upon the Shores of these Lakes," opined Weed, "is an extent of Country capable of supporting and destined to

7. Oliver Newberry, Detroit merchant, shipper, and shipbuilder, was instrumental in developing a deep water harbor at Chicago and in establishing the first lightship at Mackinac Strait. The *Illinois* was the first vessel to pass through the Soo Locks.

8. Basically a materialist, Weed could not suppress the thought at dinner that the fare continued as "extensive as it could be if Fulton Market was at hand every morning."

receive, in the course of half a century, at least a quarter of a million of inhabitants." Weed's thorough provincialism prevented his knowing that there were already over ten million people in the Ohio-Great Lakes states and territories! He wisely revised his estimates before he left Chicago.

After touching briefly at Milwaukee, the *Empire* steamed into Chicago the evening of the Fourth in time for its occupants to prepare themselves for the strenuous work of the Convention. Despite his behind-the-scenes activity there, Weed was able to look around with knowing eye and tell the folks back home about the dynamic city.

Chicago is destined to be a large and beautiful City. It is regularly laid out, with its broad Avenues, and out of the business part of the city, it is thickly planted with Trees, which will soon, in addition to adorning the city, furnish a grateful shade. It has four admirably conducted Public Schools, much larger than ours, and filled with Children . . . The River, extending well thro' the City, furnishes an ample and excellent Harbor . . . In ten years Chicago will contain more inhabitants than Albany . . . An almost unbroken line of Wagons, drawn generally by two yokes of Oxen, . . . [bring] Wheat to the City.

One of the last acts of the eccentric Member of Congress from Alabama, Felix Grundy McConnell, was to ask the House of Representatives to resolve, "That this is a great Country and constantly increasing." Said Weed: "One needs to visit Chicago to realize and confess that the proposition is one of undeniable truth." The word "confess" probably expresses accurately the effect of this western tour on the Albany journalist and politician. Certainly, thereafter, his political vision expanded, even to selecting Zachary Taylor of Louisiana as the next president of the United States.

Addenda: Niagara, the *Maid of the Mist*, and the *Cataract*.

On his way back from the Chicago Convention, Weed stopped at Niagara Falls. Goat Island had been "adorned," and much had been done to enhance the "grandeur and sublimity" of the views of the Falls. Fortunately for posterity he did not explain these remarks: one shudders enough as it is.⁹ General Whitney had enlarged his hotel; Mr. White

9. Terrapin Bridge had been built by P. Whitney in 1827 or 1828. The Biddle Staircase was erected at Nicholas Biddle's expense in 1829. Prospect (or Terrapin) Tower had been built at the end of the Terrapin Bridge in 1833. Mr. S. L. Ware, ferryman, had an observatory constructed on top of the ferry house. Judge Augustus Porter and General P. B. Porter had built the "ferry railroad" in 1845. Judge Porter, co-owner of Goat Island, had recently laid out a botanical and horticultural garden on the island.

still presented "every possible luxury and enjoyment" desired; Mr. Hooker had added "and Sons" to his hat band advertisement of guide service; and the "Injun" Bazaar man was asking \$2.50 for a twenty-five cent "segar case."¹⁰

The "grand new feature," however, was the *Maid of the Mist*, which ran three times a day from the Rapids "to and along the base of the mighty column." Placed in the water in 1846, the *Maid* was unable to develop sufficient power to breast the current. Mr. John Fisk, an indomitable engineer from Rochester, had overcome the difficulty, however. From the *Maid's* wharf, just above the Rapids and the Whirlpool, the voyage had a "nervous look," but every precaution had been taken against accident:

The Steamer has two Engines, so that if one fails the other can be put in gear-
ing in a minute and a half. She is found with two Anchors and Chain Cables.
She has also a small Boat, by means of which a strong line can be run ashore
the moment a necessity for doing so exists.

As further assurance Weed added that Captain Filkins, as well as his engineer and his pilot, kept both eyes open and his wits about him. "Without this Excursion upon the *Maid of the Mist*, a View of the Falls of Niagara is incomplete."

Learning that his friend Captain James Van Cleve was at Lewiston, New York, with his new boat, the *Cataract*, Weed went there to see and ride on it. In a race between Van Cleve's boat and the British steamer *Admiral*, the *Cataract* gained a mile on the latter in a seven mile run. The *Cataract*, wrote Weed,

was built at Ogdensburgh, under the immediate superintendence of Capt. Van Cleve, whose experience, judgment, and taste enabled him to correct many defects, and suggest many improvements. She is 225 feet long, 28 feet beam, and 11 feet hold. Her Main Saloon is 170 feet long. She has 51 spacious, airy State-Rooms, with doors opening into the Saloon and out upon the guards. She has also 190 large, commodious Berths. Her Ladies' Saloon and Dining Cabins are in excellent keeping with the accommodations in other respects.

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10. General P. Whitney was the proprietor of the Eagle Hotel and the Cataract House. White, probably B. S. White of Niagara, undoubtedly managed one of the other luxury hostleries. Samuel Hooker was widely mentioned by all tourist guide books as the only reliable guide. There were many places where one could buy Indian curios: Barnett's museum on the Canadian side sported natural and artificial curiosities, including live rattlesnakes, geological specimens, human bones, and Indian trinkets. A large "Indian Store" was situated opposite the Cataract House. A. B. Jacob's toll-bridge between Bath Island and Goat Island had an adjoining museum and curio shop. On Goat Island, itself, was located an "Indian Emporium" where ice cream and strawberries were sold in season.

There is a neatness and beauty in the Furniture, hangings, tapestry, &c. &c. of the *Cataract*; which cannot fail to strike and charm Passengers . . . The Rooms are all richly, but not gaudily furnished . . . The *Cataract* runs with less noise and motion than any steamer [I] have ever known. In her model, the line of nautical beauty has been preserved, and in her construction, arrangements and finish, she seems as nearly perfect as science and art, combined with experience and taste, could make her.

Ever the gourmet, Weed found the tea aboard the *Cataract* admirable; "innumerable delicacies were served with most appetising taste." We were lucky perhaps, to have a man addicted to creature comforts describe the luxury of the lake craft of a century ago.



Marine Intelligence of Other Days



RECOVER HULL OF FIRST STEAMSHIP ON LAKE SUPERIOR

Saulte Ste. Marie, Mich., June 24 — (Special.) — The early days of lake shipping were recalled here today when the upper portion of the hull of the historic steamer *Independence*, first steamship on Lake Superior, was removed from the St. Mary's river bottom with dynamite.

Built in Chicago in 1845, she was brought to the Sault in the fall of that year for the shipping trade on Lake Superior. She was wrecked on Nov. 22, 1853, when her boiler blew up above the St. Mary's rapids at Vidal shoals.

It was the first salvage operation on the steamer since divers in 1892 brought up pieces of wood from her hull from which were made all sorts of souvenirs for exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. When the *Independence* steamed up Lake Michigan from Chicago in 1845, she carried as cargo the complete equipment necessary to transport it around the St. Mary's rapids. She arrived here ten years before the opening of the first state lock of the St. Mary's Falls canal and it was necessary to drag the steamer over the old river portage to the upper St. Mary's river.

For seven weeks teams of oxen labored at the job of moving the steamer on huge rollers over the portage, a distance of more than half a mile.

Her first trip on Lake Superior was to Fort Wilkins, now known as Copper Harbor. She later made trips to Eagle Harbor.

Four men were killed when the *Independence* blew up. The story is well known here of the "man who never smiled." He was Amos Stiles, one of the survivors. He clung to a bale of hay and "shot" the St. Mary's rapids, in those days a raging torrent, before compensation gates and dams cut off much of its flow. Stiles was saved at the foot of the rapids and later became a watchman on the St. Mary's Falls canal. It is said the shock was so great the nerves of his face were paralyzed and to his death he never smiled.

— Chicago *Sunday Tribune*, June 25, 1933.

— C. H. Yates, Muskegon, Mich.

THE WAY OF AN IRON MAN WITH A WOODEN SHIP

"We were among the crowd attracted to the Reservation on Friday afternoon last (June 10) to witness the entrance into the harbor of that fine ship the *Superior*. The violent storm of that day had excited serious apprehensions for the safety of every vessel attempting to enter. It was towards sunset. The clouds had dispersed but the wind was raging violently, lashing every wave, as far as the eye could reach, into foam and sending the surf furious and thundering upon the beach. On our right were a brig and a schooner ashore, the spray flying from their sterns, in which a breach was apparently threatened to be made by every wave which dashed against them. In front was the angry lake with its threatening billows, and two vessels under bare poles riding at anchor uneasily and as if about to be dashed from their moorings. But our eye was soon turned to the left and invited to the gallant ship which, with a few sails only unfurled, was rapidly making the entrance of the harbor. At the distance that she was, with her painted port-holes, her large and long hull, her towering and tapered masts and her many yards, she might easily have been taken for a sloop of war. A blue pennant floated proudly from her mainmast as if denoting that she would triumph over every obstacle. On she came, rising and falling, yet skimming the waves like a bird. Every eye watched her slightest movement — every heart throbbed with apprehension that she might share the fate of her stranded sisters of the lake. She nears the north pier — she turns it — the adventure is now at the crisis — "she is blown too far to the south," thought one — "she's lost," exclaimed one — "she's thumping on the bar," said another. For a moment, she apparently ceased to move. During this brief period we were all in the most breathless suspense. It seemed as if she could not make the port, but must be driven below the piers. We fancied we could see her commander agitated and hurrying to and fro upon her deck. The danger however was soon at an end. Slowly the bows of the noble vessel came round to the proper direction, and thanks to the skill of her captain, she was safe. We cheered her heartily in thought as she glided beautifully into the harbor.

Chicago Daily American, June 14, 1842.

Note: She arrived from Buffalo June 10, 1842. The *Superior* was the old steamboat *Superior*, with engine removed. She was one of the few full rigged ships on the Lake. Captain John.

GREAT LAKES CALENDAR

By BERTRAM B. LEWIS

SEPTEMBER, 1948

The icebreaker *Mackinaw*, pride of the coast guard on the Great Lakes, was at the shipyard at Manitowoc, Wisconsin, having her superstructure enlarged to almost three times its former size. Improvements included giving the rectangular wheelhouse curving lines to harmonize with the wings of the bridge, replacing portholes with windows, the addition of sleeping quarters for the commanding officer off the chart room, a new automatic warmup system for the main engines and alterations to the commanding officer's quarters.

SEPTEMBER, 1948

Fishermen at Fort Erie, Ontario, found a 500 pound anchor and 400 feet of wrought iron chain believed to be the long lost ground tackle of either the *U. S. S. Summers* or the *U. S. S. Ohio*. Both ships were sunk at anchor off Fort Erie in the War of 1812. If the objects turned out to be war relics they were to be turned over to the Old Fort Erie Museum.

OCTOBER, 1948

The freighter *Champlain* sailed from Ashtabula carrying four representatives of the United States Corps of Engineers and the United States Lake Survey who were to photograph images on the ship's radarscope as she passed through the St. Mary's River. The pictures were to be used in making the first radar charts of the river in history. The charts were expected to be of great service to shipmasters when their vessels were navigating the river at night or in fog.

OCTOBER, 1948

The 57 year old tug *Frank W.*, owned by the Great Lakes Towing Company, was going back to work after a five year rest. She was sold to Harry Dixon of the Toronto Drydock Company to be placed in service in Toronto harbor. The *Frank W.* was built in Buffalo in 1891 and had served most Lake Erie ports.

NOVEMBER, 1948

The keel of the *Wilfred Sykes*, the largest and fastest bulk freighter on the Great Lakes, was laid at the Lorain yard of the American Ship Building Company on November 1. The ship, being built for the Inland Steel Company, was to be launched in June.

NOVEMBER, 1948

The steamer *Frank Armstrong* of the Interlake fleet of Cleveland and the *J. J. Boland*, operated by Boland and Cornelius of Buffalo, collided in the fog early the morning of November 2 off Colchester, Ontario, killing a deckhand who was trapped in his bunk in the forecastle. Both ships were towed to Toledo.

NOVEMBER, 1948

What was believed to be the first shipment of paper ever brought to Cleveland by ship from Sweden arrived on the freighter *Erland* of the Swedish American Line. It consisted of 30,000 pounds of craft paper for the Wolf Envelope Company who will use it in making large catalogue envelopes and other containers for heavy enclosures.

NOVEMBER, 1948

Three hundred tons of parts for a huge atom smashing machine, a 170 inch synchrocyclotron under construction at the University of Chicago, were loaded into the hold of the steamer *Buckeye* of the Columbia fleet at Buffalo for movement to Chicago. The parts, valued at \$350,000, arrived at Buffalo by way of the New York State Barge Canal from the New York Naval Shipyard at New York City. The all-water movement was decided on when it was learned that the shipment would be too heavy to move by plane and that railway clearances were too limited to allow them to be shipped by train.

NOVEMBER, 1948

The coast guard cutter *Ossipee*, which was damaged in a fight with a German U-boat in World War I, when she was used to convoy shipping between Gibraltar and the British Isles, was about to end her colorful career. She was sold by Harold H. Neff, Cleveland vessel broker, to Luria Brothers Company, Inc., of Cleveland, for scrap. The *Ossipee*, which had been tied up in the Cuyahoga River, had figured in a futile attempt to rescue the crew of the oil barge *Cleveco* when she got separated from the tug *Admiral* in a heavy snow storm and sank off Cleveland in 1942.

NOVEMBER, 1948

The solid front which Great Lakes shipping interests had maintained against the St. Lawrence Seaway project ever since it was first proposed was cracked when the M. A. Hanna Company, Cleveland iron ore and coal mine and vessel fleet operator, announced it had taken a stand favoring the waterway. The company, which had invested millions of dollars developing iron ore deposits in Quebec and Labrador, held that the canal was necessary for moving the ore to steel plants in the Great Lakes area.

DECEMBER, 1948

The United States Steel Corporation stopped shipping steel by lake from Conneaut, Ohio, to Detroit. Steel companies had abandoned the basing point method of selling steel, under which they absorbed part of the freight costs, in line with a United States Supreme Court decision. This left the customer obliged to pay the freight. Extra handling charges on water shipments made it slightly cheaper to ship by rail and truck than through the Corporation's subsidiary Pittsburgh and Conneaut Dock Company, it was said.

DECEMBER, 1948

The Port Huron *Lightship*, the only lightship on the Great Lakes and one of their best known landmarks, was to spend the winter at the Defoe Ship Building Company at Bay City, Michigan, being converted into one of the most modern lightships in the business. Her old steam propulsion equipment was to be replaced by twin Diesel engines and all her auxiliaries, including the fog signal, were to be changed to electrical operation. The ship was to be given a streamlined profile, and spacious new crew quarters were to include a television set.

The Great Lakes in Niles' National Register

CONTINUING *publication of excerpts about the Great Lakes taken from America's leading news magazine during the years 1811 to 1849.*

—*The Editor.*

Buffaloe Sept. 23

... About 140 young warriors of the Seneca nation of Indians from Allegany river arrived in town last week are encamped near the village. More are expected from different parts. Several conferences and councils have lately been held with the chiefs. They voluntarily offered to take up arms for defensive purposes. Yesterday they performed a *war dance* in the streets of this village.

Niles' Register, October 17, 1812, vol. 3, p. 109

Queenstown

Is a handsome town, immediately below the falls of Niagara, and at the head of the navigable waters of that strait; it is the place of depot for all the merchandize and public stores, which are brought to that place from Kingston. Public stores for forts Erie and Malden, and merchandize for all the country above, as well as the returns by that route downward, pass through Queenstown. They are transported by waggons along the portage ten miles to Chippaway, now called Fort Welland above the falls. It has a fine harbor, deep water, and good anchorage; the banks on both sides are elevated, and the landscape among the most splendid and sublime in the universe. Several stage coaches constantly ply between these towns and Newark.

Newark is on the same side of the strait, nearer the entrance of Lake Ontario. Upon the evacuation of the western ports by the British, Fort Niagara was surrendered to the United States. The scite (sic) was selected in 1751 by the French, and was considered as the key to the in-

land country. In its best state, it was, however, only a rampart of earth, scarp'd with a stockade, and a spacious barrack within the work. The encroachment of the waters threaten to undermine it; but the erection of a work called Fort George on the Canadian side of the strait, on a position which by being more elevated commands the position of our side, the work at Niagara has been suffered to decay, as indefensible. The point blanc distance of the two works is less than a mile, a plain of about a mile over separates Fort George from Newark. Fort George is a work constructed of similar materials, and has been recently improvised, and its defences strengthened by double pallisades and several outworks. Our position opposite Queenstown is Black Rock.

Niles' Register, October 31, 1812, vol. 3, p. 141

Sackett's Harbor

Is the name given to a handsome village situated at the east end of Lake Ontario, about 18 miles from the river St. Lawrence. It was first taken possession of, by purchase, by Mr. Sackett, of Jamaica, Long Island, in 1799. In 1801, only three families had settled there. Previous to this period, a great deal of prejudice existed against the lake *shore*, as unhealthy, from an erroneous idea that the neighborhood of fresh water lakes was more unhealthy than the sea shore; without ever reflecting that the lake of Geneva is celebrated for its healthfulness, and that it is only shallow fresh waters, just enough to cover rotting vegetables, that is unhealthy.

The village of Sackett's Harbor now contains a number of large and elegant built houses, and it is settling so fast that half-acre house lots have sold from 12 to 1500 dollars, and since it has become a military post, for twice that sum.

The most interesting part of this settlement is its curious and highly valuable *harbor*. This bason of water is hardly so large as our mill-pond was before they began to fill it up. Melish¹ says it contains but ten acres, we believe it to be more than twice that size. The entrance to it is about a quarter of a mile wide, for here two opposite points approach towards each other like the Punto and Moro castle at the entrance of the Havana,

1. Melish, John, *Travels through the United States of America in the years 1806, & 1807, and 1809, 1810 & 1811*. London, 1818, p. 539.

leaving the passage or entrance before mentioned. Indeed Sackett's Harbor is the harbor of the Havana in miniature. Its entrance is strongly fortified. Besides a respectable fort, there are four block houses round this singular bason of deep water, which is bordered by a natural wall of limestone, of about 30 feet high.

It is about 36 miles from Kingston and is now rendered interesting by being the head-quarters of our army under gen. Dearborn, and the station of our fresh water fleet under com. Chauncy. As military operations will probably commence here in the month of May, we deemed this description of Sackett's Harbor would not be unpleasant to our readers. (Boston Patriot.)

Niles' Register, May 8, 1813, vol. 4, p. 159

Account of York—Upper Canada

(From *Travels through the Canadas*, by George Heriot, London, 1807, pp. 62-75. As this book is available in several large libraries in the Great Lakes area, INLAND SEAS will not take the space to reprint.)

Northern Ohio in 1813

A geographical description of the North-western Section of the State of Ohio; or that Part to which the Indian Title has not yet been Extinguished.

Before the commencement of the present war with Great Britain, that part of the state of Ohio which lies north of the Indian boundary line, and south and west of Lake Erie, was not much known to the people of the United States. But the continual marching of troops, and transporting provisions and military stores, through various parts of it since that time, has thrown much light upon the geography of this section of the western country. As there is a great probability, from the present state of our relations with the Indian tribes, that their right to the soil will be forfeited to the United States, or will otherwise pass into the hands of the government; and as its local advantages over most other parts of the western country, destines it to become, one day, one of the finest settlements in the world, a brief biographical sketch may, in some degree, be interesting.

This beautiful tract of country is situated between the 40th and 42d degrees of north latitude, and the 7th and 10th of longitude, west from

Philadelphia. Its greatest length from east to west is about 150 or 160 miles; and its mean breadth from north to south 100 miles. It is bounded south by the Indian boundary line, which separates it from the settlements of the state, west by Indiana territory; north by an east and west line drawn from the most southerly point of lake Michigan to lake Erie, which divides it from Michigan territory, north-east by lake Erie, and east by the Cayuhoga river, and the Tuscarawa branch of Muskingum.

The face of the country, in general, is perfectly level. There are, however, some parts a little variegated with low hills, or rather gentle eminences, which would present no obstruction whatever to the plough; and there is, probably, not an acre of land in this territory but may be cultivated to advantage. It would be a natural conclusion that the hilly parts would be situated in that quarter which is the source of the rivers; but the contrary is the fact:—They are generally to be found contiguous to the lake. The southern part, stretching along the Indian boundary, and embracing the sources of a number of rivers, flowing both into the Ohio and Lake Erie, is very flat, and contains many small lakes or ponds which are not infrequently the source of rivers. Towards the lake the country abounds with beautiful plains, some of them many miles in extent, and apparently as level as the surface of the water. These plains, in the spring and summer seasons, are covered with grass, which in many of them grows to the height of six or eight feet, and a rich variety of fragrant flowers. Most of these plains are adorned with a few shrubby oaks, growing sometimes in small groves of six or eight, or more, together which adds to their beauty.

After travelling some scores of miles through a thick and continued forest, and suddenly emerging from it into one of those extensive plains, the sensations produced upon the mind are delightful beyond description. The traveller is almost ready to imagine himself suddenly transported into the Elysium of the ancients. Let the reader figure to himself a beautiful plain, extending many miles, even until the distant horizon terminates his view, let this plain be covered with the richest verdure and the finest tints of nature, in its greatest exuberance, and variegated (sic) with distant clusters of trees, and he will have some faint idea of the grounds here described. Indeed, the philosophic mind will rarely enjoy a richer feast than nature here presents him.

(To be continued)

NOTES

New Life Members

THE GREAT LAKES HISTORICAL SOCIETY hit the jackpot at a dinner of the Lake Carriers Association when the Society's executive vice-president, Clarence S. Metcalf, presented so forcibly the merits of the Society and of INLAND SEAS that he secured five life memberships, bringing a much needed five hundred dollars into the treasury.

Two of these much appreciated contributions are from new members, John T. Hutchinson of Hutchinson & Company, Cleveland, and Andrew G. Lange of Osborn & Lange, Chicago. Three are from our own ranks, from members who were glad, when the need was pointed out, to transfer their membership to a higher class. These are John J. Boland, Jr., of Boland & Cornelius of Buffalo; George Gund, president of the Cleveland Trust Company, and Lee Hinslea, a member of the Cleveland firm of admiralty attorneys, Leckie, McCreary, Schlitz & Hinslea.

The Society has never had more than barely enough money to get along. At times the trustees have felt discouragement. Such a reinforcement of the treasury will make it much easier to carry on the work. It should not be thought, however, that the need for more members and greater revenue is now over. It still exists, and almost as urgently. Perhaps there are other members who can bring in new subscribers, or can themselves increase their payments to the Society.

Eugene Herman

THE CHRONICLES of the Lakes, INLAND SEAS among them, suffered a severe loss with the death on January 22, 1949 of Eugene Herman, editor and publisher of the *Great Lakes News*.

An account of Mr. Herman's career will be found in an earlier issue of INLAND SEAS.¹ Born in Milwaukee on September 27, 1879, he covered the waterfront for fifty-nine out of his sixty-nine years. The last thirty were spent in Cleveland with his work on the *Great Lakes News*, a bulletin of lake men and boats valued by all who have to do with either.

The Great Lakes Historical Society owes a special debt to Gene, because when it was a tiny infant, he had enough faith in its future to subscribe not merely for one year, but for two. His geniality won him many friends, for whom his going will be an irreparable loss.

1. Vol. 1, no. 4, pp. 41-44.

Chase S. Osborn

THE GREAT LAKES HISTORICAL SOCIETY has lost one of its most valued and distinguished members. Ex-Governor Chase S. Osborn of Michigan, a charter member, died on April 11 at his Georgia winter home, Possum Poke in Possum Lane, at the age of 89. He is survived by his wife, a frequent contributor to INLAND SEAS, Mrs. Stellanova Osborn. She was

adopted as a daughter by Gov. Osborn in 1931. The adoption was annulled just before his death, so that he could marry her.

Governor Osborn rose, as he said in his autobiography, *The Iron Hunter*, from a poverty "that cramps and then enlarges the soul." He made a considerable fortune in iron mining, much of which he gave away. In addition to his autobiography, he wrote books of travel in South America and Madagascar. (He had the distinction of being the only American member of the Madagascar Academy of Sciences.) Another volume, *Schoolcraft—Longfellow—Hiawatha*, written in conjunction with Mrs. Osborn, has much interest for all who live in the Hiawatha country, which he described as "the basin whose waters flow

into Lake Superior." It was reviewed in *INLAND SEAS*.¹

A Great Lakes enthusiast, he suggested and put through, by his indefatigable energy, the resolution adopted by the Michigan legislature which declared the adjacent lake waters to be part of the state. This enlargement of Michigan's official area meant larger contributions from Washington from grants calculated on an area basis.

The Great Lakes Historical Society will miss his ardent interest in its welfare, and mourn the passing of an eminent member.

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1. Vol. 1, no. 1, January 1945, pp. 44-45.

To Disappear From Lake Erie Scene

THE OLD Erieau lighthouse, for eighty-two years a guiding beam for Lake Erie fisherfolk and fresh water mariners, will bow to the inevitable ways of time and early this summer will be destroyed.

The 70-foot beacon tower, now considered dangerous to shipping because of its list to the starboard side, caused through understructure being undermined by water, was turned over to War Assets to be destroyed by the Dominion Government, and so one more old landmark will pass from the pages of Kent County history.

In the past the old light never went out until it was replaced two years ago by the present modern beam. The electrical generator supplying the power for the lamp replaced the old oil burner.

Historians record that the old light used to revolve and send out an intermittent beam. Now a steady light shows to lake-wander and a blinker further out flashes a danger signal.

The present keeper, Glen Burke, has kept the lamp for the past eight years and it is on record that the keepers or tenders stay on the job for many years.

Jim Claus, born near Erieau in 1868, was perhaps the best remembered tender of the light. He took it over in 1911 and

trimmed the wicks and kept the light burning until his retirement in 1940.

For his services Jim was awarded the Empire Service Medal by King George VI, but until the day he died, Jim would never talk of the medal or the many rescues he made from overturned boats and the like at the lighthouse site.

Bill Fellows was another long-lived tender of the light. His tour of duty took him from 1888 until 1911 and in that span, while many ships saw the welcome lamp always shining brightly as a warning on the Lake Erie shoreline, there was never a wreck.

One tradition it is hoped will not die with the wrecking of the old beloved landmark, but will be taken up and kept by the present light, is, never in the history of the inhabitants of Erieau, has the light failed or have ships been lost because they failed to see its gleam.

Mr. Burke, carrying on the old tradition, said: "The light kept sailors away from danger, the new light is doing the same, we have just rekindled the old torch, that is all."

The News Tribune,
Blenheim, Ontario,
January 26, 1949.

Oldest Ferry in Service

OLDEST CAR ferry in active service on the Detroit River, the *Huron* is a familiar sight along the Windsor and Detroit waterfronts. Time was when the *Huron* was new, and great was the excitement which prevailed in connection with her launching at Point Edward in June, 1875. The Sunday Commercial of Port Huron, which is no longer published, carried a fine account of the launching:

"It was the longest side launch on record, the great steamer sliding over fifty feet before she struck the water. The launch was very successful, the boat going off promptly, the moment the last two small lines holding the braces were cut by two men on deck. The view was very pretty and animated. The deck of the *Huron* was well filled with people and she was gaily decked with flags and streamers. The large crowds on the Canadian and American shores, the steamers, with their throngs of excursionists, lying out in the river, and the sailboats darting hither and thither over the blue waters made such a marine picture as is seldom seen. As the *Huron* touched the water she was greeted with the whistling of the steamers and the shouts of the people. She has her engines all in and is nearly completed. She will be on duty the end of the present month."

An old Detroit newspaper contained a concise story:

"The new ferry *Huron* launched at Point Edward is the finest railroad ferry on the rivers. Length over all, 240 feet; breadth, 52 feet, hold 15 feet. The hull is entirely of iron and was built at Newcastle, England, the plates being put together here (Point Edward). The iron averages one-half inch in thickness. Her capacity is 24 cars, these to be shipped on three tracks."

Additional information regarding the construction of the *Huron* was to the effect that her engines and boilers were built at Dundas, Canada, by Mr. Wilson.

References to individuals brighten up accounts of the launching. "As she (the *Huron*) started down the ways, Miss Jessie S. Hughes of Toronto broke the traditional bottle of wine over her bows. The launch was a complete success, not the slightest delay or accident occurring."

"On Friday evening (June 4) Mr. Smith, the foreman, gave the men who had been employed on the boat a banquet on board." This must have been a grand party, for it is stated, "Since last August (1874) from 150 to 200 men have been engaged in putting the pieces together."

Mr. John H. Smith, I am told, subsequently moved to Cleveland, but through the assistance of Mr. David Gray of Sarnia and Mr. James Jack, Jr., of Point Edward, I have ascertained that his Point Edward home is now the residence of Mrs. Laina Oya, at the southeast corner of Albert Street and Michigan Avenue.

James Jack, Jr., as a small boy of six, witnessed the launching of the *Huron*. His father, James H. C. Jack, one-time Grand Trunk baggage master at Sarnia, has left a vivid account in his handwritten diary:

"June 3rd, 1875 (Thursday). Much cooler and pleasant after last night's rain. The country looks gorgeous, all Nature being decked in floral green and seems to be making amends for the late spring. This afternoon at 2:20 the new car ferry *Huron* was launched into her native element. The affair was witnessed by immense crowds."

A second reference to the *Huron* occurs in the Jack diary under date of Dominion Day, July 1, 1875:

"At 3 p.m. the new ferry boat *Huron* followed by the *Manitoba* went out into the lake for a trip. These boats were loaded with pleasure seekers."

Opening of the tunnel between Sarnia and Port Huron in 1891 resulted in the transfer of the *Huron* to the Detroit River. Here she functions as a car ferry during the mild part of the year, but in the winter, ties up and serves as a heating plant supplying the Windsor yard offices.

She also heats the passenger car tracks before the locomotive is coupled on to the cars, so that the coaches (passenger, baggage and mail) are all ready to be shipped out on short notice, properly heated and ready for use.

Present day residents along the Detroit River may be excused for believing that nothing exciting has ever happened to the *Huron*. But in this they are mistaken, for in or about 1912 the *Tashmoo* caused her to sink at the Windsor water front. Repair work was in progress at the time on the propeller of the car ferry, which instead of being in dry dock was receiving attention at the Grand Trunk slip dock in Windsor at the foot of Glengarry Avenue. Two car (gondolas) of coal had been run on to her bow, elevating her stern, and unwittingly making her an easy victim for the swell of the fast travelling *Tashmoo*. These waves came in through her portholes and sank the car ferry.

This repair job had an unpleasant sequel for Captain Baker of the salvage company. A very valuable diamond ring, which had been presented to him for a previous salvaging job, slipped off his finger while he was washing his hands on the bridge of his tug. His ring fell overboard and was never seen again, in spite of efforts by his divers to recover it.

In 1913 another exciting experience befell the *Huron*. On Good Friday of that year, March 21, a severe and destructive westerly gale blew the car ferry out of control up the Detroit River as far as the Belle Isle bridge. On the Canadian side of the river the force of the wind undermined a siding precipitating 13 Wabash freight cars into the water near the slip dock in Windsor, used by the *Huron* and her sister car ferries.

The old car ferry has, however, survived these minor mishaps now buried deep in the past. Since those days she has transported thousands of cars across the Detroit River and will likely carry thousands more. Her capacity averages 12 present-day high standard freight cars or five to six passenger cars. These numbers are less than for

the *Huron's* early days as a car ferry, because of the smaller-sized cars then in use.

—Neil F. Morrison

Salvaging the Milverton

A SALVAGE OPERATION of unusual interest to lake and river boatmen has just been completed with the removal of the wrecked freighter *Milverton* from a shoal in the St. Lawrence River near the village of Morrisburg, Ontario.

It may be recalled that the *Milverton*, owned by the Colonial Steamships Ltd., of Port Colborne, Ontario, sank in collision with the tanker *Translake*, operated by the Transit Line of Montreal, on September 24, 1947.

The accident occurred at the narrowest part of the river, about opposite Pine Tree Point, below the village of Iroquois, Ontario. Here the river narrows to a bare quarter mile, the navigable channel being only half that width, and there is a current of five knots.¹

The *Milverton* was downward bound with a cargo of coal from Oswego and the *Translake* was heading westward with crude oil from Montreal to Prescott. Apparently no passing signals were sounded and the tanker's steering gear is thought to have jammed, for she suddenly swung directly across the *Milverton's* course. Collision could not be avoided, and in the crash crude oil was flung over the *Milverton's* decks and immediately burst into flames. These in turn ignited some fuel in her bow tanks and they blew up surrounding the doomed vessel with blazing oil. Eleven members of her crew and one passenger, trapped below decks, perished in that awful holocaust. Other members of the crew leaped into the current and were saved though badly burned. The *Translake*, believed to be sinking, was unable to lower boats and was beached on the American side of the river near Lieshman Point, while the blazing *Milverton* drifted down stream, narrowly missing the entrance to the Morrisburg Canal and stranding on a shoal at the head of the Rapide Plat. Here

1. The *St. Lawrence River Pilot*. Canadian Edition 1947.

she lay for over a year with only her bows and funnel above water, the hull resting in eleven feet of water amidships with the stern overhanging a drop of 48 feet. As the hull was a menace to navigation and lay fairly in the middle of the channel used by most vessels running the rapid, the Canadian authorities ordered its removal or destruction.

Salvaging operations began in November 1948, with the lightering of some of the cargo of coal both for its salvage value and in the hope that the hull might float free of the reef, cables being stretched to the neighbouring shores in case she suddenly loosened. This was found insufficient and the next step, according to Gordon Molson, a welder employed on the work, was to build a cofferdam on the starboard side near the stern to deflect the water which poured over the side of the wreck. This was built of steel plates suitably braced and bolted to the vessel's side. The gap made by the collision was closed with $\frac{7}{8}$ steel plate and the deck braced with 6 inch angle irons as close together as possible, after which a diver descended into the engine room and sealed off all breaks there.

Pumping out the stern began, and it was soon seen that heavier bracing would be needed, as when the stern lifted, the angle irons and the $\frac{7}{8}$ plates buckled and bent like tin.² A crew of welders and equipment were found locally and taken out to the wreck. Four attempts were made, tak-

ing an hour and a half, as the launch used, though powered with two Sterling Dolphins, was so laden it was swept down past the hull by the current. Finally the men and gear were successfully aboard and by working all night and the next day the break was again closed, using 7 inch channel iron to brace the deck. The pumps were again started, a total of six being used, and soon the hull began to swing in the current as it became freed. After pumping for two hours it was decided more coal would have to be removed before she could be floated further. This was done and the pumps again set to work and about 5 p.m., November 29th, the *Milverton* was again afloat.

At first it was intended to take her to her home port for repair, but the lateness of the season prevented this and she was brought to the north shore just above the canal and tied up there for the winter, just above the entrance to the canal. In the photograph shown she is just outside the canal bank about opposite her point of sinking. By a strange piece of misfortune the writer was unable to get a good picture of her all year when occasion took him past the scene, so he is indebted to Mr. E. S. Christie of Brockville for the photographs shown.

It is expected that the *Milverton* will be taken to either Port Weller or Montreal when navigation opens next spring.

—Frederick C. Curry

2. Brockville Recorder & Times.

A Reminder

COPIES OF THE INDEXES to Volumes 1 and 2 of INLAND SEAS are still available for members of GLHS on request. The editors can make good use of unwanted copies of Vol. 1, No. 1, January, 1945, for

libraries, societies and members who joined in later years but who wish to bind the magazine. Please address to the Managing Editor, Donna L. Root, 325 Superior Avenue, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

The Great Lakes in Print

An Index to magazine articles and notes on the Great Lakes which have appeared in current periodicals not exclusively devoted to the lakes.

The Americas, October, 1948, pp. 172-199. What Became of Jolliet's Journal, by Francis Borgia Steck.

Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine, *Grafic*, February 27, 1949, pp. 5, 14. The Chicora—A Gallant Ship, by Dr. Milo M. Quaife.

Cleveland, December, 1948, p. 47. Great Lakes Freighters Set New Peacetime Records.

Journal of Geography, January, 1949, pp. 38-40. Lake Cargoes as Graph Material on an Elementary Level, by Adelaide Blouch.

Michigan History, December, 1948, pp. 340-351. William Montague Ferry and the Protestant Mission on Mackinac Island, by Janet White.

Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly, January, 1949, pp. 21-34. Ohioans and the Canadian-American Crisis of 1837-1838, by Carl Wittke.

Yachting, February, 1949, pp. 36-38. Television Goes to Sea, by Dr. Allen B. DuMont.

This Month's Contributors

DR. J. A. BANNISTER of Port Dover, Ontario, is a retired educator and author whose hobby is local history. He wrote "Port Dover Harbour" which appeared in *Ontario History*, Vol. 41, No. 2, 1949.

DANA THOMAS BOWEN is the author of the well known volumes *Lore of the Lakes* and *Memories of the Lakes*.

LT. COL. F. C. CURRY is president of the Leeds & Grenville Historical Society of Ontario. He owns the Curry Drug Co. of Brockville.

AL MASTICS is a Cleveland lawyer, yachting editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and Secretary of the Great Lakes Historical Society in 1947-8.

One of the most honored members of GLHS, Mr. Jos. E. Bayliss of Sault Ste. Marie, writes about CAPTAIN LAUCHLEN P. MORRISON as follows: "We have known the Captain ever since he came to the Sault in 1891. Known to everyone as 'Loch' he was perhaps the most popular and certainly the ablest of the many assistant engineers serving the Sault. I worked with

him for several years beginning in 1892 and have been in touch with him ever since while he served with the engineers in New York, on the Gulf Coast and in France during World War I, where he was wounded in battle, resulting in a year or so in Ford Hospital, Detroit. 'Loch' was lots of fun and his men always loved and admired him."

DR. NEIL F. MORRISON who with Mrs. Morrison has contributed previously to INLAND SEAS is the nephew of Captain Lauchlen P. Morrison whose memoirs are running currently in the magazine. Dr. Morrison is a staff member at W. D. Lowe Vocation School, Windsor, Ontario.

ROBERT W. THOM is Curator of the Huron Marine Museum at Collingwood, Ontario, and a member of the Huronia and the Ontario Historical Societies.

MENTOR L. WILLIAMS, Associate Professor of English, Illinois Institute of Technology, has written previous articles for INLAND SEAS relative to Horace Greeley and his times.

Book Reviews

FOCS'LE DAYS, A STORY OF MY YOUTH, by Anton O. Fischer. New York, Scribner, 1947. \$3.75.

In 1901, sixteen-year-old Anton Otto Fischer shipped from Hamburg as ablebodied seaman aboard the *Gwydyr Castle*, a British windjammer. In *Focs'le Days* he tells the story of the *Gwydyr Castle's* long voyage from Cardiff, Wales, to Puget Sound, by way of Cape Horn; and of a return trip around the Cape enroute to New York. He describes the clammy and oppressive heat of the equatorial doldrums, attended by the feeling of frustration that led the polyglot outfit in the focs'le to fight among themselves on the slightest provocation; later the two nightmarish months of battling gales off Cape Horn.

The *Gwydyr Castle* was a "Lime-juicer," so called because the British law required that each man be furnished a daily ration of lime juice as a preventative against the outbreak of scurvy. The loyalty towards their ship which was automatic with most deep-water sailors was wholly lacking here — the captain never gave any evidence of caring about the welfare of his crew, and the steward was thoroughly hated. Responsible for the provisioning of the ship, he was always anxious to save a few shillings at the crew's expense.

The author has used some of the most dramatic events of the voyage as the subject of his illustrations. One of the most graphic depicts a fight between two members of the crew; another pictures a sailor's vigil at the bier of the old sailmaker, one of the few men aboard who had been generally liked and respected by his shipmates. Mr. Fischer is now a famous illustrator, and these remarkable illustrations from his own paintings are in themselves a pictorial history of life aboard the old sailing ships.

—D. K.

THE LOG OF THE SCHOONER *BOWDOIN*, by A. R. Horr. Cleveland and New York, World Publishing Company, 1947. \$2.50.

The *Bowdoin* was made famous through the Arctic voyages of her explorer-owner, Commander Donald B. MacMillan. After service in the Navy during the war, she was re-acquired by MacMillan in 1946 and promptly re-equipped for his twenty-fourth trip to the Arctic, sixteen of them in the *Bowdoin*. Pretty good for a 71-year-old skipper!

This time his crew was made up of landlubbers, one of whom, A. R. Horr, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, tells the story in diary form, with some contributions from other members of the party. Just thirty-five days from Boothbay Harbor, Maine, to Labrador to Boothbay Harbor again. During this time these amateur sailors regularly performed seamen's duties: their trick at the wheel, for'ard watch, washing down decks, scrubbing rails and floors, furling and reefing sails, and emptying garbage—not to windward but over the lee rail!

Here was a real vacation which all will remember for years with delight. The informal narrative is illustrated with photographs.

—G. W. T.

THE BIOLOGICAL STATION OF THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, by Thomas H. Langlois, Columbus, Ohio State University, 1949. (Contribution of the Franz Theodore Stone Laboratory, no. 11.)

This biological laboratory is one of the most notable buildings on South Bass Island in the Lake Erie archipelago. The laboratory itself is said to be the oldest fresh-water biological station in the United States. Opening in 1896 at Sandusky, it moved at various times to Cedar Point and Gibraltar Island, and since 1938 has operated on South Bass Island under the direction of Dr. Langlois (well known to readers of *INLAND SEAS* for articles on various phases of Lake Erie life).¹

This booklet recounts the history of the station, with a list of its students and visiting professors, and of the literature which it inspired. It is abundantly illustrated with pictures of buildings, and of various processes of the laboratory work.

—G. W. T.

1. *The Herring Fishery of Lake Erie*, vol. 2, pp. 101-104; *The Grandee Again*, vol. 2, pp. 279-280; *Sidelights on the Erie Isles*, vol. 3, pp. 173-179; *The Annual Regatta at Put-in-Bay*, vol. 3, pp. 244-247.

THE MARITIME HISTORY OF MAINE, THREE CENTURIES OF SHIP-BUILDING & SEAFARING, by William H. Rowe. New York, W. W. Norton, 1948. \$6.00.

If you live down in Maine (it may seem up on the map, but that is not the way New Englanders regard it), you will like this book. If you are interested in pioneer days, in clipper ships, in lumberjacks and deep-sea fishermen, you will like this book. It is a most readable and abundantly illustrated account of shipbuilding and the products carried in ships from the discovery of the Maine coast to the present day.

The early days were lived under the constant strain of guarding against the Indians. One Indian chief with the alluring name of Mugg has been rescued from oblivion by Mr. Rowe. He had an inspiration which is thus expressed, "I know that we can even burn Boston and carry all the country before us, but to do this we must go to the fishing islands and take all the white men's vessels." A raid led by him in July, 1677, captured some twenty fishing boats, mostly from Salem; but the savages found them too heavy to be managed with paddles, and not understanding the use of sails, stripped and abandoned them. In 1724, however, the Mugg policy was carried out, and an Indian pirate fleet was organized and conducted depredations for some time. Not till a British flotilla was sent against them, did the Indians tire of naval warfare and disappear.

The later history includes a chapter on the *Alabama* and other Confederate commerce raiders, apparently because some of the ships which they sank came from Maine. There is an account of ships whose cargoes were lumber, lime, ice and granite. The book has an extensive bibliography, and some plans of clippers. But why do publishers put maps on endpapers, where they are lost on rebinding, instead of inside the book?

—G. W. T.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946.

Of INLAND SEAS, published Quarterly at Cleveland, Ohio, for October 1, 1948.

State of Ohio,
County of Cuyahoga, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Donna L. Root, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the managing editor of the INLAND SEAS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Great Lakes Historical Society, 325 Superior Ave., Cleveland 14, Ohio; Editor, Fred Landon, University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario; Managing Editor, Donna L. Root, 325 Superior Ave., Cleveland 14, Ohio; Business manager, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Great Lakes Historical Society, 325 Superior Ave., Cleveland 14, Ohio.

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(Signed) **DONNA L. ROOT,**

Editor and Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Sep 30, 1948.

(Signed) **LEO. P. JOHNSON,**

Notary Public

(My commission expires Nov. 9, 1948.)

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